HILARY DUFF & SCARLETT JOHANSSON UNDRESSED

WIN A KITANICA SURVIVAL JACKET

HUSTLER®

MAY 2009

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

PLAY BALL '09

TOP 10 TEAMS

TOP 10 PLAYERS

BASEBALL GROUPIES

49 & FINE

EXOTIC COUGAR JADE

Salvia

THE LEGAL LSD

"I Banged Brooke Taylor!"

CONTEST WINNER TELLS ALL

PLANE CRASH MYSTERY

DID KARL ROVE KILL MIKE CONNELL?

SAMMY HAGAR

SEX, TEQUILA & ROCK 'N' ROLL

EVEL DICK

BIG BROTHER STAR GETS REAL

COVERGIRL

Britney Amber

FOREVER AMBER

MAY 2009

10

0 09281 63500 0

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

1-800 JACK-OFF (5 2A 2 5 6 3 3) sm

I'll give it to you how you want it

Freaky hot moms with an insatiable lust for your cock!

1-888-909-MILF
6 4 53

HARD fuck for your HARD cock

1-800-800 FUCK
3 8 2 5

UNTAMED KINKY FANTASIES

Lil' Bitches WANTED NOW!

I wanna hear you squirm. I'm going to whip you UP in SHAPE!

1-800-400-TINA
8 4 6 2

Most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 to $3.98 /min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

YOUR DAD WAS NOT A METROSEXUAL.

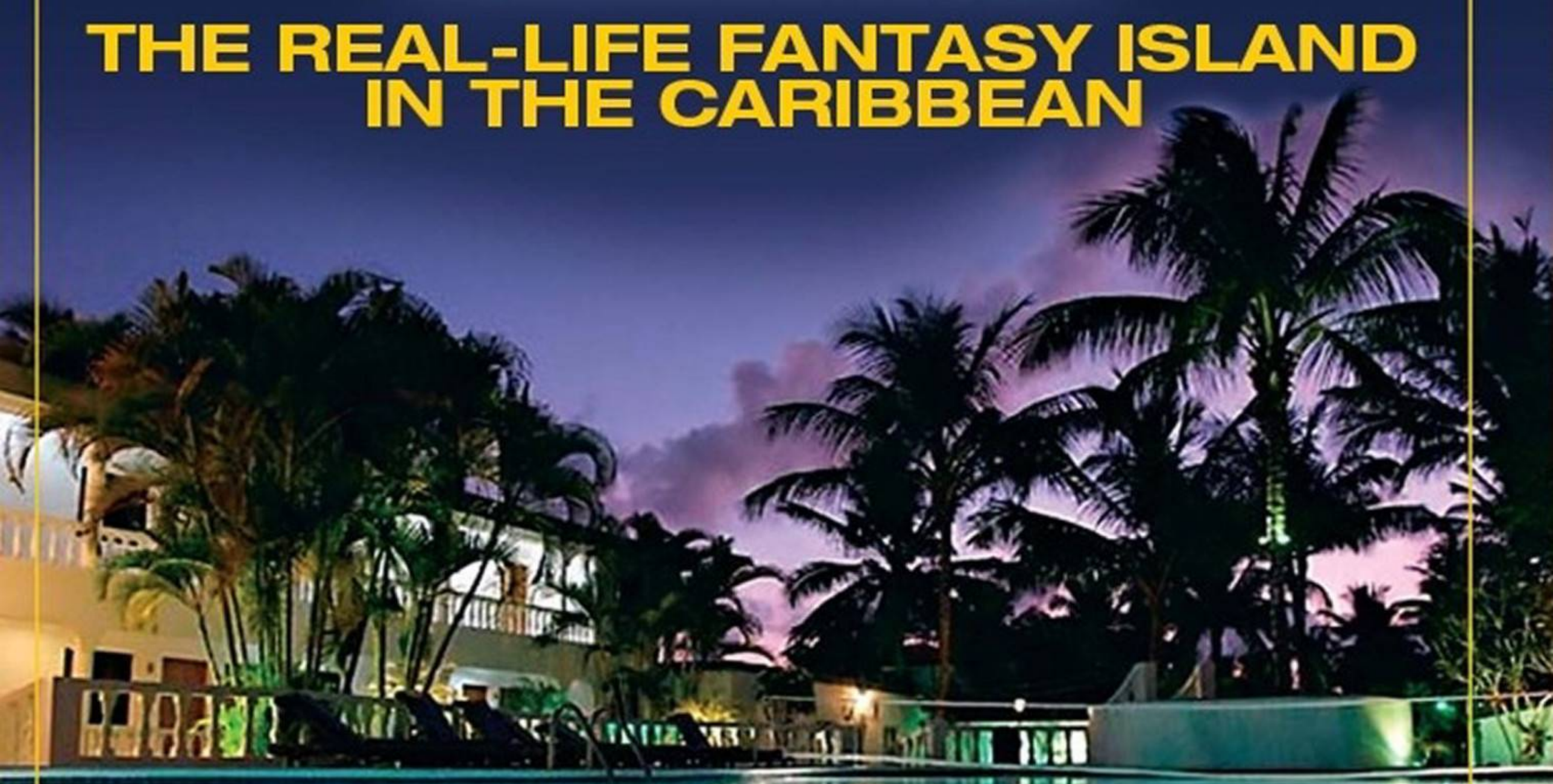
Actually, he was a fag. Gay. A real flamer. Face it, he preferred the company of men and the taste of their man-meat. He just got married to cover it up. Times were different then. Your mom was his beard. Oh, and your favorite Uncle Steve? He wasn't your uncle; he was your dad's lover. And your dad...he's not your real father. Ever notice how much you look like the mailman? **DAMN RIGHT, YOUR DAD'S A FAGGOT**

American Schlub

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, and we aren't real sure your dad was a fag, but he wore women's panties under his milkman uniform.

OXYGEN
2RETREAT.COM

THE REAL-LIFE FANTASY ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN



Oxygen Retreat is a 3 acre resort where a few lucky men or couples (ask about our couples schedule) can make all their fantasies come true. This fantasy resort is truly all inclusive: all you can eat, all you can drink (alcoholic and other beverages) and all the women companionship you can dream of, there are no hidden charges or extra tipping required.

Please visit our web site for more details and feel free to call us anytime, we will be glad to answer any questions you may have. We won't bore you with the description of the whole retreat which is truly a tropical paradise with a maximum of 19 guests at a time and a promise of a ratio of at least 2 women per guest staying at the resort 24 hours a day. We hope to welcome you in paradise real soon.

For more details contact Mike at:

1-888-96-OXYGEN (1-888-966-9943)

or check us out on the web at:

www.oxygenretreat.com

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

MAY 2009 VOLUME 35 NUMBER 13 • HustlerMagazine.com

girls

25 BRITNEY AMBER
Under Her Hood
Photography by Mark Lit

48 ARIEL
Cherry Bomb
Photography by Digital Desire

67 PRINZZESS & ALYSSA REECE
Porn Pals
Photography by Holly Randall

84 VERONICA
Window Dressing
Photography by Matti Klatt

108 RENAE CRUZ & CHARLES DERA
She's a Maneater
Photography by Matti Klatt

129 KENDRA BANX
Motocross Mistress
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

175 NICOLE SCOTT
Late Bloomer
Photography by Jose Luis

features

38 PLAY BALL '09
Upcoming MLB season's Top 10 teams headed in the right direction and the Top 10 intriguing players.
Article by Scott Ostler

42 CIGARETTE BASEBALL CARDS
The rarest and priciest from the era of Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb.
Article by Ted Newsom

44 DIAMOND DOLLS & BASEBALL ANNIES
Learn the sexy secrets of the dugout groupies.
Article by M. Allen Nathan

56 SAMMY HAGAR & MICHAEL ANTHONY
Get the Party Started!
Interviews by Keith Valcourt

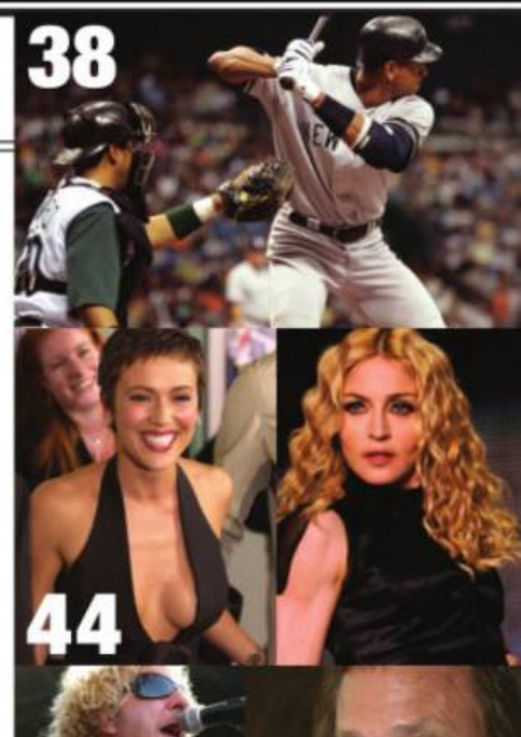
59 THE SARAH PALIN CHRONICLES
Cartoon parody by Noel Anderson

62 WHO KILLED MICHAEL CONNELL?
On the verge of telling the truth, the computer guru who allegedly stole the 2004 election for George W. Bush dies in a plane crash.
Article by Bob Fitrakis & Harvey Wasserman

76 EVEL DICK
Big Brother 8 Winner Gets Really Real
Interview by Keith Valcourt

78 BODY PAINTING
Wild animals, colorful illusions and eye-popping "clothing" on luscious bare skin!
Article by Justin Hampton

98 SALVIA: THE NEW LEGAL HIGH
What is the mystery weed that the government wants to ban?
Article by Science Editor at Large Debbie Epstein



standards

3 SEX PARODY
American Schlub: Gay Dad

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
My Problem With Obama
by Larry Flynt

8 TECH KNOW
Win a high-tech jacket!

10 GAME ON
Spider-Man, bull riding & Lara Croft in the buff

11 ROBERT SCHEER
The Born Identity

13 NAT HENTOFF
Dubya's Last Pratfall

15 ALEX BENNETT
The Great Corporate Rip-off

17 FEEDBACK
Food-riot warning, Cougar craze and a Capri curtain call

18 POLITICAL PARODY
GM: Buy This Car...or Else!

19 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Senator Bob Corker (R-TN)

21 BITS & PIECES
Furverts, *Deep Throat* director R.I.P. & porn chicks with (bowling) balls!

36 HOT LETTERS
First taste of online dating

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS
No fungus on these funnies!

65 THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE
Adventurous sex kitten Charlotte Sterling

75 TAILS OF THE BUNNYRANCH
"I Fucked Brooke Taylor!"
by lucky reader Sean Topham

80 COUGARS UNLEASHED
Jade: 49, Filipina and fine
by Ericka Rachelle

96 HUSTLER HUMOR
Funny or just filthy? You decide.

100 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Interview scoops: The Who's Roger Daltrey, Blind Melon & William Katt

104 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Scarlett Johansson & Nancy Allen

106 FAMOUS FLESH
Hilary Duff's nipple puffs

118 COLLEGE REPORT
Firepower on campus

119 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Nude scholar

120 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Jerk Off Material, *Barely Legal Black Chicks* and smut-loving lawyers

139 BEAVER HUNT
Amateur eye candy

It's nice & Wet
cock-fill me please
1-800
8 3 3 6 9 3 8
TEEN WET
ADULTS ONLY
All girls are 18+
$1.98 - $3.98 per min plus small $2.98 connect fee / credit card

1-888
GIRLS 18
4 4 7 5 7
Providing the Best LIVE 1-on-1 Phone Sex at the Same Low Price for over 18 years!
Your Ass is MINE!
LIVE 1 ON 1
1-866-Toy-4Ass
Share Your Fantasy With Me
LIVE!
Only $2 per min 18+
1-800-252-0224
I'M HOLDING FOR YOU...
Only $2 per minute
Call me at 1-800-232-0337
Live One on One • Phone Sex
Only $2.00
per minute 18+
NO CONNECT FEE
LIVE 1-on-1
Discreet Billing • Pay by: Credit, Debit, Pre-Paid or Gift Card, or Check!

HUSTLER

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Robert Gaddis *Chief Financial Officer*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Ted Newsom *Features Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces/Music Editor*
Debbie Epstein *Science Editor at Large*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Eric Althoff *Copy Editor*

Art & Design
Nadeen Torio *Creative Director*
Joe Dunavan *Assistant Art Director*

Talent
Jennifer Larsen *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production
Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Rustin Knudtson *Traffic Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director (323-951-7907)*
Fearl S. Chatman *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Ad Production/Pre-Press Director*
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*
HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Artur Elizarov *Vice-President, Human Resources*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 35, No. 13, May 2009. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2009 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is February 24, 2009.

Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com

MY PROBLEM WITH OBAMA

I voted for our new President because he campaigned from the left. I believed his message of what you see is what you get. However, given his Cabinet picks, not to mention his change in tone, it's becoming more and more apparent that he plans to govern from the middle.

Politics, they say, is the art of compromise. I have never known of anything worthwhile coming from a compromising person. Look at Bill Clinton as an example. President Obama promised to represent the people who elected him. He should think about keeping that promise if he wants a second term.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DRIVING EXCITEMENT

With the new **Logitech Driving Force Wireless** gaming wheel for the PS3, you can almost feel the wind whipping by. It offers a realistic driving experience with powerful force-feedback technology, lag-free control and wireless mobility unlike any other wheel. The compact, one-piece unit is lightweight (under 4 pounds), highly portable and easy to set up (and stow away). Expandable lap rests let you enjoy comfortable play without being stuck at a desk or table. Logitech also offers a version for the Wii. Strap in; it's going to be a bumpy ride!

Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $89.99.

GET YOUR LICKS IN

Now you can "rock 'n' roll all night" just like The Demon himself with the **Gene Simmons AXE Game Controller.** The techno marvel is a three-quarter-size replica of the legendary KISS bassist's instrument, making it a tad larger than standard guitar-gaming controllers. It has a wireless range of up to 30 feet, fully functioning whammy bar and is compatible with *Guitar Hero* and *Rock Band* PlayStation 2 and PlayStation 3 games. Face makeup and fake blood not included.

Available at ***HipStreetOnline.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

TRAVELING MUSIC, PLEASE

You never forget a first: your first love, your first time, your first amphibious MP3 player. Huh? It's true! The new **Freestyle Audio Soundwave** player is fully submergible up to ten feet. That means you can listen to music while swimming, surfing, fishing or whatever! The rugged, lightweight device—which boasts 2GB of flash memory (up to 600 songs)—is completely waterproof and shockproof. Plus, it plays up to 18 hours on a single charge! The **Freestyle Audio Soundwave** let's you get wet, just like your first time.

Available at ***FreestyleAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $89.95.

ROBOTS SUCK!

Everyone hates cleaning floors. Luckily for you, there is something else that can do the tedious job. No, not your skanky girlfriend—she's better at sucking than cleaning. The new **Scooba 5800** from iRobot is a true-blue floor-washing machine. With the push of a single button, this powerful robot's four-part system will vacuum loose dirt and debris, spray cleaning solution, blast away stains and squeegee up the residue. It can cover up to 250 square feet per battery charge, cleans between cabinet edges and under tables and is programmed to avoid stairs, carpets, etc. Man, this is one amazing gizmo.

Available at ***iRobot.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

WIN A HIGH-TECH JACKET!

SUIT UP!

We know what you're going to ask: "How is a jacket high-tech?" Well, the **Kitanica Mark IV** wouldn't be if it were merely an outer garment. It's basically an exoskeleton for humans. Constructed of highly durable 1000 Denier Cordura, the **Mark IV**—which comes with a lifetime guarantee—is easily the toughest utility jacket on the market. Features include a Maglite holster, spine pads, rib pads, a rifle recoil pad and a choice of colors (foliage, green, black and ACU digital camouflage). Did we mention wearing one will make you look like a badass? Oh, and that we have a pair of these **Kitanica Mark IV** jackets to give away? It's true. See details below.

Available at: ***Kitanica.net***. Suggested retail price: $597.

KITANICA MARK IV

CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Want to win the ultimate survival jacket? Of course you do! Check out details below. For your chance to win, just fill out this form (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Kitanica Mark IV Jacket Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

What kind of articles would you like to see more often in HUSTLER? ☐Sports ☐Rock 'n' Roll ☐Celebrities ☐Porn Star Profiles

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐Music Section ☐Celebrity Section ☐Other: _____

Do you have a computer? YES☐ NO☐

Do you have Internet access? YES☐ NO☐

_____Yes, I'd like to receive special HUSTLER offers at my e-mail address.

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by May 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

LARA UNLEASHED

Tomb Raider: Underworld

Eidos

PS3, Xbox 360, DS

Lara Croft, the sexiest siren to ever appear in a video game (you know you've fantasized about her), returns ready to kick ass. ***Underworld*** is the third game in the ***Tomb Raider*** series, but unlike previous adventures, this is the first one designed for the next-gen consoles. Lara is so lifelike in this game, you may just believe she's real. Wait! You already believe that, don't you?

YOUR SPIDEY SENSES WILL BE TINGLING

Spider-Man: Web of Shadows

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, PSP, DS

What is a lonely web-slinger to do? New York City is overrun by an invasion of deadly symbiotes hell-bent on destruction, and it's up to you, and only you, to save the day. This awesome game allows true 3-D battles. Imagine starting off in the street, then continuing up the side of a building and finishing the engagement on a rooftop. You don't have to imagine that: It's here! ***Spider-Man: Web of Shadows*** also delivers nonstop action, especially in the later levels, and lets you play the superhero in either his classic red suit or formidable black getup. Time to shoot your web!

SHOCK IT TO ME!

BioShock 3

2K Games

PS3

Widely considered to be one of the greatest first-person action games of all time, ***BioShock 3*** is back and bigger than ever, exclusively for the PS3. The game maintains its rich storyline and tense action while expanding the exotic world with astounding visual details and mightier weapons. Plus, there's a brand-new "Survivor Mode," which makes every bullet really count. Look out for Big Daddy!

TAKE LIFE BY THE HORNS

PBR: Out of the Chute

Crave Entertainment

Wii

An exemplary video game takes the player to a world he or she would never possibly visit in real life. Such is the case with ***PBR: Out of the Chute***. After all, when are you ever going to hop on a bull? This game lets you experience the excitement of bull riding by playing as one of 12 rodeo professionals. What?! You are a bull rider? Okay, smartass, then you can be one of the dozen nasty bucking bulls. That's right. Be the bull! Whatever side you choose, brand your controller and hang on tight. ***OOTC*** is one helluva ride.

The Born Identity

A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL BLEW THE WHISTLE ON WALL STREET 17 TIMES—AND NO ONE LISTENED.

And a woman should have led us. That would be a lady named Brooksley Born, and if only the old boys club of Alan Greenspan and his pretend financial geniuses had listened, you wouldn't be worrying about losing your job and home today. Instead, they knocked her out of the way and got to rewrite the rules, freeing Wall Street bandits to steal your future.

Born saw it coming. As head of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission back in the 1990s, she sounded the alarm in 17 appearances before Congress, which was letting Wall Street make its own rules on the sale of new mysterious financial instruments called "derivatives."

Born was silenced by Alan Greenspan, false god of American finance, whose every word was treated by Congress and the mass media as holy scripture.

It was a disaster in the making, the nub of the Ponzi scheme that has already cost taxpayers trillions. The banks were authorized to make a profit on unregulated trade of those bundles of questionable mortgages and other dubious assets—while passing on the inherent risks to the taxpayer. Brooksley Born predicted this nightmare back in 1998, warning that unregulated derivatives trading could "threaten our regulated markets, or indeed, our economy without any federal agency knowing about it."

Born was silenced by Alan Greenspan, false god of American finance, whose every word was treated by Congress and the mass media as holy scripture during his two decades as head of the Federal Reserve. He is the chief scoundrel in the scam that brought the world economy to its knees.

At issue was the regulation of those still mysterious items called "derivatives," which Greenspan lauded as if they were manna falling from the heavens, but which Born regarded with even greater suspicion than pork bellies, which her agency regulated.

Born's misgiving was based on the fact that whereas pork bellies and other commodities could be weighed, tested, priced in actual markets and otherwise be subjected to rational orderings of supply and demand, the new derivatives were bundles of risk linking disparate and unexamined financial instruments—mortgages and the like—and then betting on their fate.

This whole mess, the most startling economic meltdown since the Great Depression, started with the deregulation legislation of the 1990s that wiped out the financial safeguards put in place by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to prevent another depression. Deregulation permitted the wildly spiraling growth of the derivatives market, which was chump change before the new legislation, but which totaled a whopping $684 trillion by 2008. How right Born was when she warned, "This unlimited borrowing in the OTC [over-the-counter] derivatives market, like the unlimited borrowing on securities that contributed to the Great Depression, may pose grave dangers to our economy."

Born made those remarks following the 1998 collapse of the Long-Term Capital Management firm, which held more than a trillion dollars in suspect derivatives. But instead of heeding Born's warnings, Greenspan and company pushed on with their plan for radical deregulation of the financial markets.

First, in 1999, came the Financial Services Modernization Act, which allowed the merger of banking, insurance and stock activities, freeing Wall Street from meaningful accountability. This license to overlap both banking business and the stock market is at the heart of the selling and reselling of the mysterious derivatives that now haunt our economy.

Then, just to make sure there wasn't a regulation or regulatory agency anywhere that could threaten the scam, Congress passed a bill that then-Treasury Secretary Larry Summers (now Barack Obama's economic adviser) got President Clinton to sign. This legislation ensured that Wall Street got to make up its own rules.

To paraphrase Casey Stengel: "You could look it up on the Internet." Just Google "Commodity Futures Modernization Act" and read Titles 3 and 4, which specifically exempted the new derivatives from regulation by the very agency Born headed: "No provision of the Commodity Exchange Act shall apply to, and the Commodity Futures Trading Commission shall not exercise regulatory authority with respect to, an identified banking product which had not been commonly offered, entered into, or provided in the United States by any bank on or before December 5, 2000." So the new "toxic derivatives" that are now undermining our economy were made perfectly legal, and the foxes were put in charge of the henhouse.

Warren Buffett, probably the shrewdest investor in U.S. history, condemned the trafficking in those derivatives as "financial weapons of mass destruction, carrying dangers that, while now latent, are potentially lethal." He said this back in 2003, when Greenspan took the opposite tack.

Testifying before the Senate Banking Committee in 2003, Greenspan still insisted, "Derivatives have been an extraordinarily, useful vehicle to transfer risk from those who shouldn't be taking it to those who are willing to and are capable of doing so."

What a crock! We now know that the risk was not incurred by the big Wall Street firms that underwrote them, but rather by we the taxpayers, who've been forced to bail them out.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

TOMB OF THE WELL-KNOWN ASSHOLE
HERE LIES
GEORGE W. BUSH
ONLY PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED AFTER HAVING LEFT OFFICE

Dubya's Last Pratfall

FINALLY, A CONSERVATIVE JURIST STANDS UP TO BUSH'S ILLEGAL ACTS.

Soon after 9/11, Commander in Chief Bush (without consulting Congress or the courts) ruled he had the power to designate "enemy combatants" and detain them at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, far outside American law. These detainees could be held indefinitely under the jurisdiction of military commissions Bush invented. The detainees had no right of appeal to our federal courts. This exercise of tyrannical authority repelled even the firmest of our allies.

But in June 2008 the U.S. Supreme Court finally overruled King George and at last gave these caged prisoners, many held for years, the right to challenge their confinement in legitimate American courts. The landmark case *Boumediene* v. *Bush* was filed on behalf of Lakhdar Boumediene, one of six Algerian detainees. In November 2008 these men "appeared" in a closed Washington courtroom via a phone line from Guantanamo, without having been allowed to speak to their lawyers.

Federal District Judge Richard Leon, appointed by George W. Bush, had supported the commander in chief's ordaining himself as the law and had previously agreed with Bush that Gitmo prisoners were barred from our courts.

Boumediene and the other Algerians had been residing in Bosnia in 2001 when U.S. intelligence claimed the men were plotting to attack the U.S. Embassy in Sarajevo. Finding no evidence to sustain this allegation, Bosnian prosecutors and courts released them, whereupon American covert operatives immediately pounced on the Algerians and hauled them off to Guantanamo, where they endured brutal treatment for nearly seven years.

In view of Judge Leon's pro-Bush record, any chance of these "enemy combatants" going free for more than an instant was dismal. Moreover, in his 2002 State of the Union address, Dubya had specifically cited their apprehension and incarceration as a major triumph in the war on terrorism.

Once again the defendants were accused of conspiring to bomb the U.S. Embassy in Bosnia. But a month before this historic hearing began, the Justice Department dropped the charge. No reason was given. The new charge was that this dangerous gang had been planning to travel to Afghanistan to join terrorist forces fighting America.

"The case," said defense attorney Stephen Olesky, "collapsed in front of the judge." Also collapsing were the few shreds of remaining legal credibility for Bush's wholly manufactured version of American justice in his categorization of "enemy combatants" without a trace of justification in the Constitution—a document I doubt he has ever read.

Judge Leon, in his chambers, reviewed the CIA's classified "evidence" against the Algerians. Despite the jurist's reputation for conservative decisions, his conclusion was a fitting and sharply disrespectful obbligato to George W. Bush's last hurrah: "The government relies exclusively on the information contained in a classified document from an unnamed source."

Contemptuously calling such evidence "a thin reed," Judge Leon delivered his seal of disapproval. He then startled the courtroom by urging the government's prosecutors not to appeal his decision, proclaiming, "Seven years is enough!"

An appeal could well take almost two years. And then, under Bush rules—unless changed by Obama—these defendants could still be held indefinitely "for the duration of the hostilities."

But by then the former commander in chief will be back in Texas, and I very much doubt Obama's new Justice Department will keep the Algerians in their cells until such time as world terrorism magically disappears.

Unless there is an appeal, five of the Algerians are, by order of Judge Leon, to be freed. The sixth, Belkacem Bensayah, was found by the judge to be lawfully held on evidence—more than a thin reed—that he was the leading al Qaeda operative in Bosnia. Barring an appeal, the other five are likely to be returned to Bosnia, where they would be utterly free at last to reunite with their wives and children.

Said Zachary Katznelson, legal director of the outstanding British legal firm Reprieve, which represents a number of prisoners at Guantanamo: "The decision by Judge Leon lays bare the scandalous basis on which Guantanamo has been based—slim evidence of dubious quality."

According to another of the Algerians' lawyers, Robert Kirsch, the case reveals "the human cost of what can happen when mistakes are made at the highest levels of our government, and no one has the courage to acknowledge those mistakes."

Neither the perpetrators in the Oval Office, the Justice Department nor the Defense Department admitted any error, but also to blame is the United States Congress. During the past eight years, in craven fear of being tarred as "soft on terrorism," Congress has never conducted a piercing investigation, with subpoena powers, of those responsible for the utterly isolated "enemy combatants" at Gitmo, as well as the disappeared "enemy combatants" in the CIA's secret prisons, let alone the Bush-Cheney torture policy on "the dark side" of their crusade to protect American values.

But surely the new commander in chief, the prophet of "change we can believe in," will finally—in alliance with the now even larger Congressional Democratic majority—uncover all the naked truths hidden by the Bush mob and their consiglieri.

Don't bet on it. President Obama, encouraged by some of his advisers, seems determined to be "a uniter, not a divider," and—unless persistently pressured by we the people—is greatly averse to any such investigations or, Lord forbid, an American Nuremberg trial. But it's worth keeping the pressure on to bring justice home to these serial official criminals.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

WE HEARD THAT PRESIDENT OBAMA IS GONNA PAINT THE WHITE HOUSE BLACK, CHANGE ALL OUR CHURCHES INTO MOSQUES AND FORCE WHITE WIMMEN TO HAVE SEX RELATIONS WITH NIGRAS!

AS A JOURNALIST, I'M SUPPOSED TO REMAIN IMPARTIAL, BUT YOU ARE ONE STUPID FUCKER.

J. Billette

The Great Corporate Rip-off

WHY DO YOU THINK CEOS ARE CALLED CAPITALIST PIGS?

The economy is in the dumpster, and it doesn't look as though the situation will improve any time soon. Most predictions are that it will worsen. People are losing their life's savings; others are being kicked out of homes where they've lived for years. These are hardworking Americans who believed in—even embraced—the very economic system that betrayed them.

Since childhood we have been told that capitalism is good and that socialism is bad. But what has the capitalistic system ever done for you? You thought you earned money under it. In reality, the money was merely loaned to you. Our corporate masters—the only ones we really serve—got a little too greedy. Now they've come to take the money back with corporate bailouts paid for by your tax dollars! The system they created blew up in their faces. Oddly, however, the shrapnel is hitting only you and me.

Working men and women suffer while corporate honchos get millions in bonuses and "golden parachute" severance packages. They'll spend the rest of their lazy lives on a yacht somewhere. The fired worker, on the other hand, must "dumpster dive" to survive.

When a company goes kaput, one would expect that those who caused the catastrophe should pay the price. Instead, the worker is laid off while management stays to further fuck things up. Where is the logic—or justice—in that? The worker had nothing to do with creating the problem, yet he's the one in that long unemployment line. Did the CEO responsible even pause to consider the impact on the worker's sense of dignity? Or the impact on the worker's family, now forced to survive without its breadwinner's income?

The worker had nothing to do with creating the problem, yet he's the one in that long unemployment line.

The worker is shit upon over and over again. His only guilt: sucking down the Kool-Aid that allowed him to believe working hard would get him a part of the American Dream. It's a sucker's bet—one that the typical worker in this country is beginning to see through.

As the middle class evaporates, our government does nothing to help. Meanwhile, when two corporations ask permission to merge, they get every imaginable question thrown at them…except one. Have you ever heard Congress ask how many workers will lose their jobs because of a merger? The politicians don't care. In truth, they just want to rubber-stamp the corporations' interests while preserving the myth of oversight.

One example of boardroom arrogance occurred when the heads of the "Big Three" automakers (Ford, GM and Chrysler) heard there was money being given away to poor, starving corporations. Like flies on shit, their CEOs were buzzing around Capitol Hill, ready to feast. The irony was that all three had flown to Washington in corporate jets at a round-trip cost of $40,000 each. What bonehead public relations people allowed that to happen?

Congressional committee members made a big deal of it, yet none of the CEOs showed the least remorse. Asked if they were willing to sell their respective company jets and fly back to Detroit in coach, the bailout-seeking trio didn't raise a hand. Even in times of corporate "destitution," CEOs have to be prodded to make concessions. They feel entitled; they are above it all.

Corporations by definition are supposed to serve only one master, the shareholders. They do this by keeping the stock share rising. If that takes layoffs, then so be it. This to-hell-with-everyone-but-the-shareholder attitude has to change.

We are at a crossroads. The Big Three, intent on destroying the labor movement in this country, blame trade unions for most of their problems. But unions just represent workers who, singularly, can't negotiate, but who, as a group, have power. Unions helped build America's auto industry. There is no reason why Ford, GM and Chrysler can't again make handsome profits with their unions' rank and file intact if not for upper-echelon greed and stupidity.

When Japan introduced hybrids, these assholes were churning out Hummers. To say unions have caused their problems is ludicrous; they didn't make any of the decisions that led to dwindling auto sales.

We have made heroes of the captains of industry, but the sweat that made their success possible is somehow dismissed as an impediment to profit. Labor is a noble endeavor that we must continue to honor. It is the cornerstone of our society.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Throwbacks

I got a gift subscription to *Playboy* last year. (I probably wouldn't have bought it myself.) In its January '09 issue, Christopher Hitchens wrote an article about Bush and Cheney's "overlooked achievements." Frankly, I can't think of anything those criminals did that would be close to an achievement unless murdering people, raping the Constitution, terrorizing the American public, shipping away our jobs and fucking the economy in the ass are Presidential goals.

—Wylie Hnat
Coralville, Iowa

Back Down to Earth

As I write this, my great corrupt state of Ohio is begging the feds for a bailout. The economic disaster is just getting underway, so I was glad to see HUSTLER call the "recession" what it is: a depression.

I recently caught a radio interview with Gerald Celente of the Trends Research Institute. He calls himself a "political atheist," and that's one reason he's got a great track record when it comes to accurate forecasting. Celente predicts that the near future (next four years) will bring tax rebellions and food riots, maybe worse. Meanwhile, the bankers and the crooks at the Federal Reserve will continue to squeeze us for every cent they can get before it all collapses.

I think Celente is right. I also predict that Americans will play along until they have to plow up their front lawns and plant beans. May the least crooked survive! **—J.M.**
North Olmstead, Ohio

Nasty Backlash

I just got your February '09 issue and read *Ten Ways to Survive the Depression*. Number 6 was "Skip It." That suggestion makes sense. The problem is HUSTLER falls under the category of things I don't need. I'm a broke college student. When it comes time for me to renew my subscription, I'm sad to say I might have to skip it. What's a girl to do without her HUSTLER?! Thanks anyway for the financial advice. **—Michelle Nguyen**
Charlotte, North Carolina

Grow Up

Your *Tails of the BunnyRanch* are usually a good read, but I have to say February '09's ["Shit Happens"] was gross! No lady should have to put up with that kind of behavior from a grown man. Sure, it's cute when kids have accidents, but not when an adult does it. The same goes for those dudes who walk around with their pants down around their asses. That's not a proper way for an adult male to act or dress. Just my opinion.

Here's another: Capri was the finest layout model in your February '09 issue. She's one beautiful and sexy porn star.

Finally, I'd like to say thanks for your *Beaver Hunt* section. I love reading about girls who dig hanging around the house naked, like Rhyzza from Kahului, Hawaii. Unfortunately, I don't have many young ladies lounging around my place in the buff these days, so I have plenty of time to check out HUSTLER's nude models and read Beaver stories. **—B. Kramer**
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Mr. Maturity

As a 27-year-old, I couldn't be happier with your *Cougars Unleashed* series. Thanks for showing that a 57-year-old (Cougar #1: Luna Azul) can be just as in shape, sexy and seductive as a 20-year-old. Keep this section, and you'll always have a subscriber. **—Seth Drzewicki**
Essexville, Michigan

Bushwhack

You feature a lot of beautiful women with sweet, hairless pussies. I do prefer them that way, but I'm old enough to remember the '70s, when pussy was bushy! How about a two-girl pictorial with one of each?

—Douglas Swartz
Woodstock, Georgia

Readers relished the demure charms of Capri in our February '09 issue.

Holy Mancow

The only thing I knew about Mancow before HUSTLER started running his columns was from Howard Stern bashing him. But after reading *Chris Farley: The Fading Fat Man* [December '08], about his relationship with the late comedian, I can now appreciate the quality of writing and the insight he is capable of. I'm intrigued by anything about Farley. Mancow added some excellent new first-person accounts to what we know. Goes to show it pays to look at more than the tits, ass and cartoons!

—Robert Wiesen
Phoenix, Arizona

Lose the Losers

I'm a bisexual slut who's happy every month when your magazine arrives in my mailbox. My only complaint is that you guys keep doing articles with washed-up loser assholes like Dustin "Screech for Life" Diamond and Sebastian "I Look Like a Girl" Bach. These losers are nothing but reality show rejects.

To make matters worse, you keep ridiculing Heath Ledger like he did something to deserve it. I'm all for making fun of Hollywood, but isn't there someone a little more deserving or maybe just alive?! I'm sorry I have to complain, because I really do love your magazine!

—Heather Michna
Colchester, Connecticut

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Buy This Car or We'll Kill Your Job!

(And the Economy.)

The auto industry is in trouble, big trouble, and it's all your fault! Okay, you may not be the only one to blame. After all, we did mismanage things for several decades, letting greed dictate the way we do business. Even if it's not your fault, it is your problem.

Sales are down almost 50%. We're in the middle of laying off tens of thousands of employees and closing down plants. "So what?" you say. "I don't work for an automaker. This won't affect me."

Not true, my friend. Welcome to the Domino Effect. First we fire our plant and office workers. That causes our suppliers to go out of business. Then all those people stop going to restaurants, movies and businesses like yours. Suddenly you're out on the street, pimping your wife to meet mortgage payments.

It's your choice. Buy a brand-new GM vehicle today, or else….

Ask about our corporate jet liquidation.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on how the collapse of the auto industry will throw our country into another Great Depression. For more info check out **CarGroup.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Senator Bob Corker (R-Tennessee) hates your guts. This Asshole used the automakers' financial crisis to betray the American people.

Corker refused to approve a government loan to the Big Three car companies (Ford, General Motors and Chrysler) unless the United Auto Workers cut salaries and benefits to the levels of non-union workers at U.S.-based foreign-owned factories. The UAW agreed to cutbacks, but Corker still voted against the loan, which was saved only by a last-minute White House diversion of funds.

This multimillionaire has played butt-boy to Japanese, German and Korean car companies, offering huge state-funded subsidies to lure them to Tennessee: $197.6 million to Nissan, $577 million to Volkswagen. This giveaway cost taxpayers about $150,000 per new Nissan employee. Compare that to the $5,000 per worker the Big Three bridge loan will cost. And that was a loan—not a corporate "gift" that goes to help foreign economies instead of our own.

Corker, "the Senator from Nissan," was a union member himself when he was in the construction business. After going into real estate and then politics, he forgot his working-class roots. In June 2007 he voted against Senate Bill 1041, which would have helped unions organize.

Despite his union-busting efforts, Tennessee has a unionized GM plant. Touring the Spring Hill facility in April 2007, Corker praised both management and labor. "You have smart people here who build energy-efficient cars," he said. But in 2008 Corker betrayed workers in his state by opposing the bill that would have protected the plant from shutting down.

Corker repeated the bullshit claim that union autoworkers make $75 an hour. GM and Toyota actually pay roughly equal wages ($29.78 vs. $30 an hour, respectively). Having more pension obligations, the Big Three add this higher overhead to their "hourly" manufacturing cost, but it isn't paid to the working stiff on the assembly line.

Senator Bob Corker

Consider this: Union membership was 35% of the workforce in 1954, when families had a chance to purchase homes and put their kids through college. Since Reagan initiated the GOP anti-union agenda in 1981 (notably crushing the air traffic controllers), membership has plummeted to 12.6%. And the financial strength of the middle class has never been lower.

Hey, "Senator Porker," why do you think Nissan employees in Chattanooga are making even $30 an hour? Because autoworkers spent decades fighting to get properly paid. The moment you bust the UAW in Detroit, watch those Tennessee wages drop.

Why not tell the car executives to cut *their* pay? A well-paid Japanese CEO makes $1.3 million a year; his Big Three U.S. counterpart rakes in nearly ten times as much: $12 million.

Take Chrysler: Its top six execs got an average annual bonus of $1.6 million; that's almost $800 an hour, in addition to their salaries! More insulting is the $3 million paid out to CEO Bob Nardelli and the fucking $50-million bonus given to president Jim Press—while Chrysler was laying off thousands of workers.

Bob Corker is the 15th-richest of the 100-member Senate. When he began his political career, the law mandated he place his wealth in a "blind trust." He did—then illegally told the trust how to invest the money. While he was mayor of Chattanooga, his real estate firm pocketed $4.6 million by selling protected wetlands to Wal-Mart.

Corker backs so-called free trade, the suicidal neocon theory that our economy is improved by outsourcing jobs to China, India and Korea. He also lobbied to make permanent the Bush tax cuts for the super-rich. He has never released his full tax records, and there were two years for which he claimed to owe nothing—despite making over $300,000 a year.

With 3 million auto industry jobs at stake across the nation, this treacherous munchkin (he stands 5-5) twisted the economic meltdown to his own benefit. He actually said, "Crisis is when good things happen…when you can make people do things." He's a vile poster boy for the Shock Doctrine: Create a disastrous situation, then cram your "solution" up the ass of the American working class.

TV pundit Pat Buchanan said of Corker's loyalty to Asian and German manufacturers: "General Motors employs more workers than all these foreign plants [in the U.S.] combined. And, unlike Mitsubishi, General Motors didn't bomb Pearl Harbor." One union rep called Corker's thumbs-down "a move worthy of Benedict Arnold."

Senator Corker, you are a thief and a traitor. You sold out your country to fill your own pockets. In our opinion, you should be given a speedy trial, then taken out and shot.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**ANDY MARTIN**—GOP provocateur, lunatic and frequent "expert" on Sean Hannity's gabfest—is the source of the most insane Barack Obama smears: Obama is a secret Muslim and a stealth terrorist; Obama is tied directly to corrupt Illinois Governor Rob Blagojevich; Obama was not born a U.S. citizen, and therefore his election was unlawful. To "prove" the last claim, Martin even moved to Hawaii to track down the "facts" behind Obama's birth and filed a lawsuit, which was then tossed out. Martin, who calls himself a "legend" and "Internet powerhouse"—in his own tiny brain—ran unsuccessfully for Congress several times "to exterminate Jew power." Martin squeaked out of law school, but the bar would never admit him as a lawyer, citing "severe character defect manifested by well-documented ideation with a paranoid flavor and a grandiose character." And this is the sort of psychotic that Republicans listen to.

•**TOM MONSON**, the 16th head of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, made sure his entire flock mobilized behind California's homophobic Proposition 8. Mormons "donated" 33% of the ballot measure's war chest to push a discriminatory constitutional amendment overthrowing same-sex couples' right to marry. With Monson's $22 million, the pro-Prop 8 campaign equated homosexuality to bestiality, stated untruthfully that school kids would be taught about gay marriage, lied that businesses would close and that churches would lose tax exemptions, etc. All this homophobic nonsense from a church that fostered polygamy and child brides for its first 50 years—and sees the withered old Tom Monson as a holy prophet.

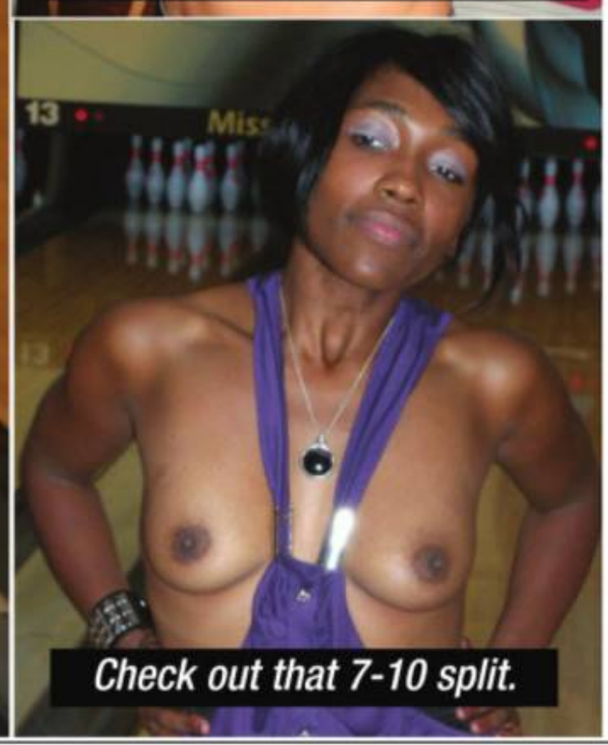
"If your mom's not gonna be the Vice President, I'm fucking outta here!"

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Gutter gals Sunny Lane and Kayden Kross

Elizabeth Starr brought her own.

Alley oops!



Check out that 7-10 split.

ALLEY CATS

Here's an event that's right up our alley: "Bare Bowling." Organized by Bill Margold, the annual fundraiser gives fans a chance to hit the lanes amid a bevy of to-hell-with-clothes porn stars, with all proceeds going to the PAW Foundation (Protecting Adult Welfare). Kayden Kross, Amber Lynn, Sunny Lane and Anita Blue were just a few of the flamboyant keglers on hand for the latest skindig.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Sammy Hagar and Michael Anthony (former Van Halen bassist) know how to party. They also know a great magazine when they see one. Check out our exclusive interviews with the real-life best buds, beginning on pages 56 and 57.

Just think, this may be an ancient photo of your great-grandma giving head. On second thought, best not to think about it. Thanks to D.O. from Cannon Beach, Oregon.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"When authorities warn you of the sinfulness of sex, there is an important lesson to be learned: Don't have sex with the authorities." —MATT GROENING, CARTOONIST

"I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic, and the others give me a stiff neck and lockjaw." —TALLULAH BANKHEAD, ACTRESS

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Kristen Stewart LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

SEEING THE 18-year-old *Twilight* babe with a mouthful of cock doesn't suck—unlike the sappy vampire movie Kristin stars in.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Kristen Stewart actually exists. If one did, we'd be willing to give blood to get our hands on it. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

NEWS BABES

Watching Meghan Torjussen from NewsChannel 3 in Wilmington, North Carolina, might have you reaching for more than the remote control. Thanks to J.R. of Holly Ridge, North Carolina, for an outstanding submission.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

Sign of the Times

At first we thought $399 was a little much for a butt rub, but then we realized it was unlimited. Thanks to R.E. of Rock Island, Illinois, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

NEWSBITES

Nutty Cookbook

Here's something you won't find in our kitchen: *The Testicle Cookbook: Cooking With Balls*. The culinary chronicle—written by Serbian chef Ljubomir Erovic and recently released in England—features dozens of ways to slice, dice and prep gonads. We firmly believe that eating testicles is kind of gay.

A House Divided

A Cambodian couple took the term "broken home" to new heights when they not only split up their marriage, but also split up their house—literally. The ex-wife plans on staying put in her half of the dwelling, while the ex-husband has taken his half to another village. Remember, why is divorce so expensive? Because it's worth it.

Holy Hump

For aeons, Christ's followers have preached about sex but never like this. A Web site called Christian Nymphos has been launched to encourage married women to embrace intimacy. And how cool is this?! Suggestions for new sexual positions and games are posted alongside biblical passages. We've always thought that marital sex can be hot—just as long as the missus doesn't find out you're screwing her sister.

Nun of That

It's amazing what lengths some women will go to to avoid a guy. Even though a 21-year-old Italian gal has decided to become a nun, her sad sack suitor refuses to give up. He has camped outside the convent, holding a vigil proclaiming his love. Dude, get the hint! She's just not that into you. Besides, Jesus has a bigger cock.

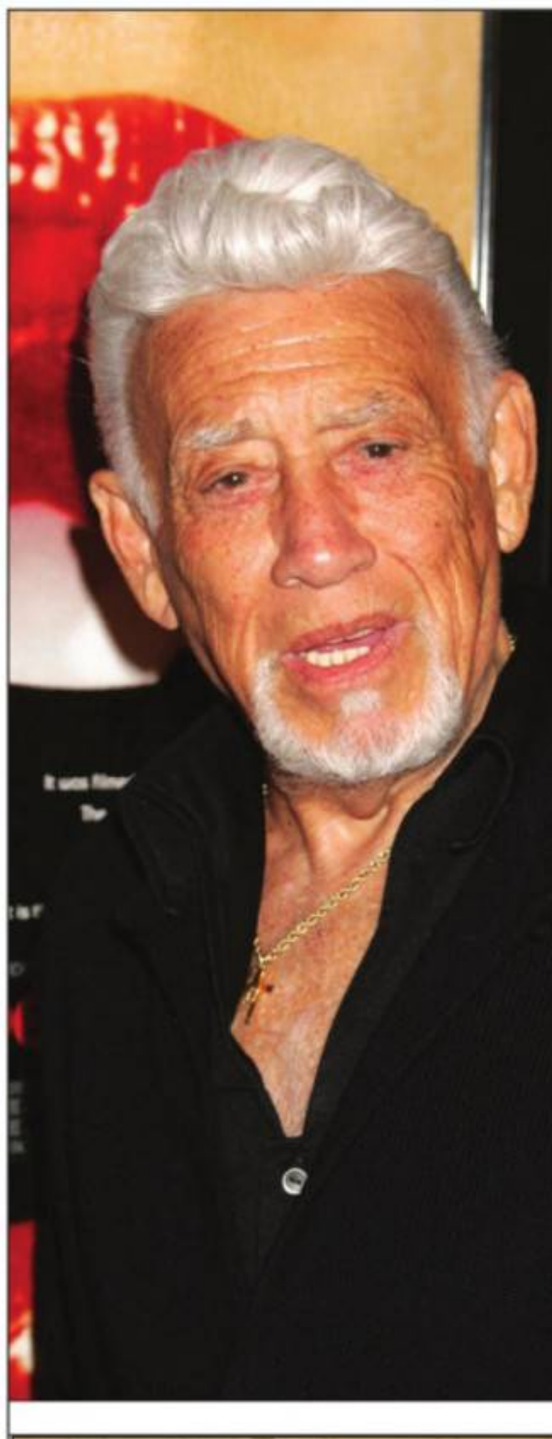
SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

So many women, so little clothes. God bless American Apparel for continually supplying us with the best ads. We love American Apparel so much, we may go out and buy some of its cheap hipster clothing, but probably not.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Does my wife have to have breast cancer to get a mastectomy, or can you just lop 'em off because they're uglier'n shit?"

"Housework is like bad sex. Every time I do it, I swear I will never do it again. Until the next time company comes." —MARILYN SOKOL, COMEDIENNE



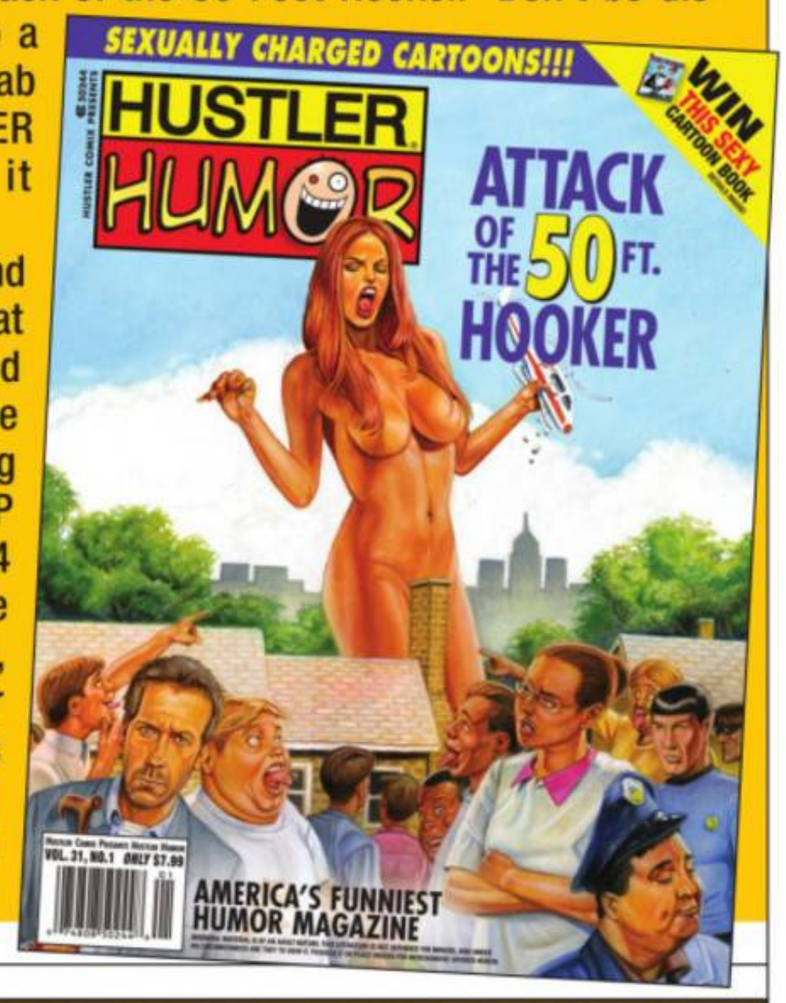
GERARD DAMIANO R.I.P.

It is with great sadness that we pay homage to a true porn pioneer: director Gerard Damiano. In 1972 the hairdresser-turned-blue-movie-maverick helped catapult adult entertainment into a multibillion-dollar industry with the landmark adult film *Deep Throat*, starring Linda Lovelace and Harry Reems. Damiano passed away at the age of 80. Godspeed, Gerard.

JUST HUMOR US

Packed with edgy jokes, cartoons and parodies, HUSTLER HUMOR never disappoints. The latest issue features the laugh-out-loud spoof "Attack of the 50-Foot Hooker." Don't be disappointed. Head to a newsstand and grab the new HUSTLER HUMOR before it sells out.

If you can't find HUSTLER HUMOR at the newsstand, send a $10 check (payable to LFP Publishing Group, LLC) to LFP Back Issues, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. For credit card orders call 1-800-763-8271 ext.7651. International orders not accepted.


SEXUALLY CHARGED CARTOONS!!!
HUSTLER HUMOR
WIN THIS SEXY CARTOON BOOK
ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. HOOKER
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HUMOR MAGAZINE

"For women the best aphrodisiacs are words. The G spot is in the ears. He who looks for it below there is wasting his time." —ISABEL ALLENDE, AUTHOR

WARM & FUZZY FEELING

Welcome to the wild and woolly world of fuzzies—grown men and women who dress up like animal mascots and engage in sexual rubbing. Whether this growing kink is foreign to you, or you already own a costume, check out photographer Michael Cogliantry's hilarious new book *Furverts*. It's available at **ChronicleBooks.com**.

Under Her Hood

BRITNEY AMBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

SHOT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I hope you called me to talk about sex," amorous **Britney Amber** gushes, "because that's all I have on my mind these days. Hell, that's all I have on my mind every day!"

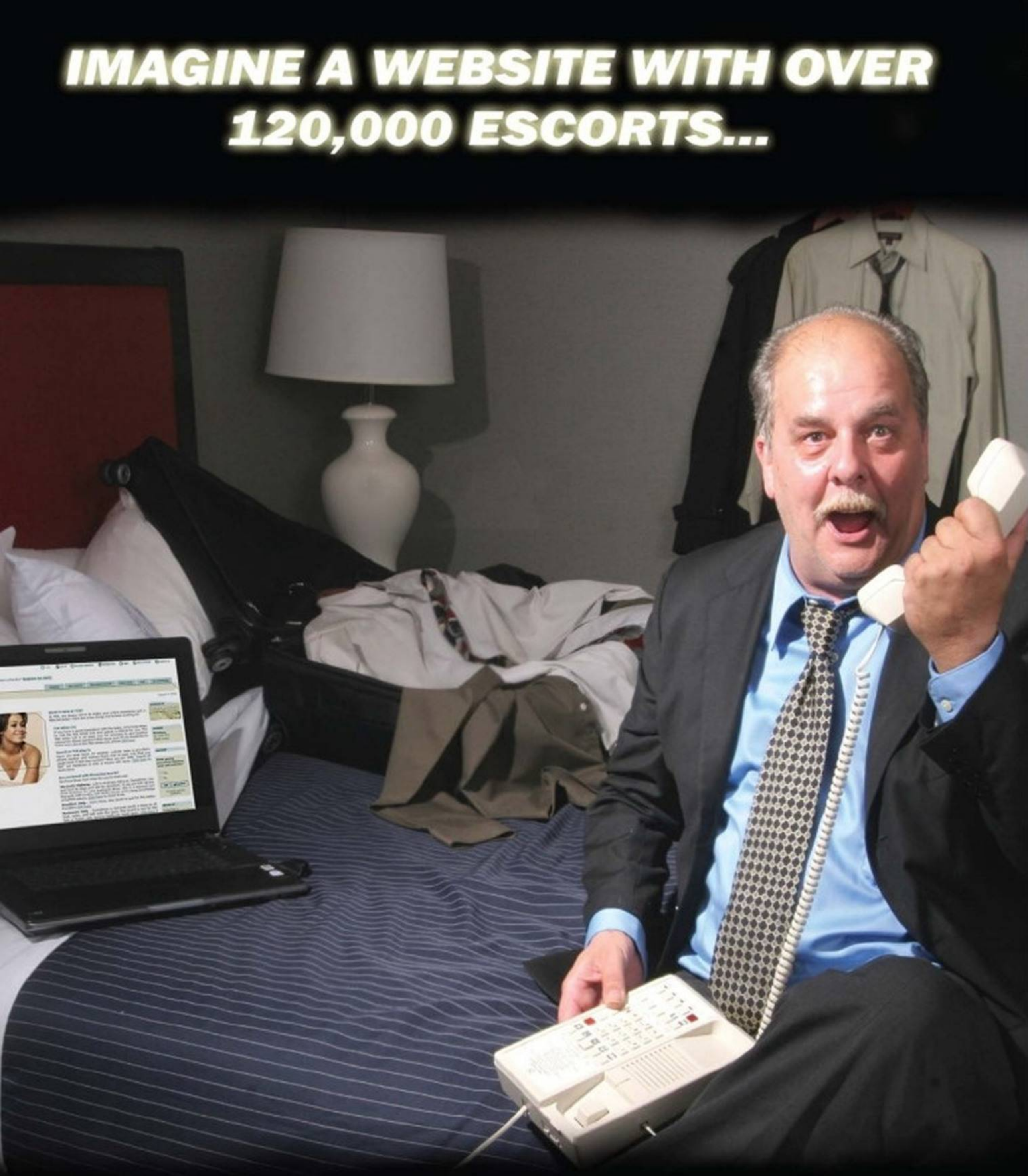
Okay, so when was the last time you had sex? "This morning in the shower," **Britney** responds. "I love the combination of being dirty while getting clean. The guy was really hot too. Some dude I met through a friend named Rich or Rick, or maybe it was Steve. I don't remember his name. Does that make me sound like a slut?"

It sounds like we want to know more. "Doggy-style is my favorite position," the slutty single gal confides, "but I love them all. I don't think I've ever had bad sex. I get off every time. Maybe I come too easily, but no one ever complains."

How did ravenous **Ms. Amber** end up in HUSTLER? "I'm always taking my clothes off in public. Just get a few drinks in me, and there's no telling what I might do. Actually, a friend of a friend told me about posing for your magazine. I figured, *Why not?* I love to be naked and let people see my body, so why not do it on a grand scale and get paid for it? There I go sounding all slutty again. I don't care. Life is too short to care about what people think of me. I just hope your readers enjoy my body as much as I do."

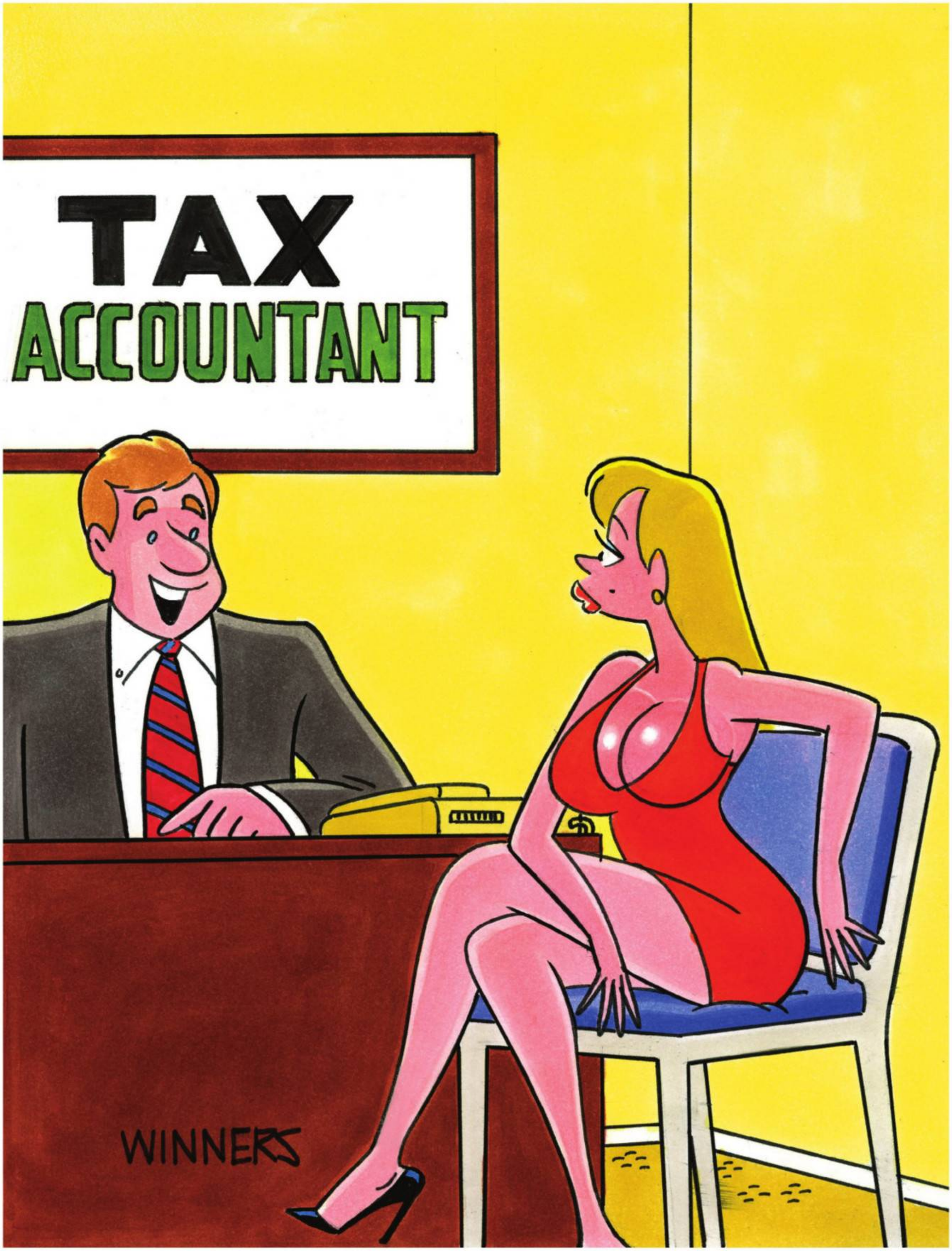
BRITNEY AMBER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Banning, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-4 | HEIGHT: 108

IMAGINE A WEBSITE WITH OVER 120,000 ESCORTS...



theeroticreview.com

The world's largest GENTLEMEN'S club.



"As a porn star, you'll be able to take a depreciation for wear and tear on your 'snatch.'"

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

First Taste of Online Dating

God, I felt nervous! It was my first date in nine months, my first date since the huge breakup with Angela, my wife…ex-wife.

After the divorce I tried meeting women the old-fashioned way—you know, at work, in bars. No luck. Eventually I gave up and joined an Internet dating site. And tonight, after ten e-mails and three phone calls, I was finally going to meet Renee at her favorite restaurant.

As I sat waiting, I thought about the JPEGs she'd sent me last night, one after another. The eye-opening images reeled off a slow striptease that in the end left her curves nearly naked. In the final shot, Renee was wearing nothing but a G-string and a demi-bra. When I zoomed in, I could make out a couple of raven-black pubes curling around the edge of the G-string. Coral areolas peeked at me from over the top of her bra, and I thought I saw long, fat, pink nipples pressing against the lace.

"Tomorrow night at eight," Renee had written. "Don't be late."

And so I'd arrived at our meeting place at 7:30, and now, recalling those e-mailed photos, I had a boner. Great! I contemplated escaping to the bathroom to jack off, but it was already 7:55, and what if she arrived and thought I'd jilted her? Fuck! So I stayed right where I was, ordered another triple mocha and tried to will my hard-on away.

But I couldn't stop thinking about Renee's figure, couldn't stop wondering about the length of her nipples. The harder I tried, the bigger my fuckstick swelled, till it was painfully erect and pressing uncomfortably against my jeans. I stood up to adjust, and there Renee was, standing right in front of me.

She was staring directly at my cock bulge, and I'm sure I blushed several shades of crimson before her gaze lifted to my face. And then…well, Renee simply smiled, and her tongue flicked over her upper lip. I had practiced some small talk, but the words simply vanished. She was so damn beautiful! I stammered some sort of lame greeting. Renee responded by taking my hand and saying, "Come on, Frank. Let's get out of this place."

My Internet date led me to her car. Then she headed for the edge of town, driving way over the speed limit. I figured we were going to her place. Instead, we ended up parking under a big oak tree alongside a gravel road. And Renee pounced on me—quite literally.

Before I'd unfastened my seatbelt, my pants were open and down, and my dick was in her hot, wet, cocksucking mouth. As I buried my hands in her long, silky black hair, Renee kept sucking, sucking, sucking me back. My prick head bumped against her throat, and she almost gagged. I could feel her muscles clutch at my cap. Then she recovered and took me deeper. Holy fuck!

By the time Renee's lips delved into my pubes, I was on the edge. Her tongue slipped out to tickle my nuts, and try as I might, I couldn't hold back. Blasting so quickly, I felt like a pubescent teenager. Nine months' worth of cum, and the beauty swallowed almost every drop. When Renee raised her head, she let a trickle of jizz escape her lips and dribble down her chin.

I lapped it up. It was the first time I'd ever tasted my own spunk, and the mild flavor surprised me. The passionate kiss that followed kept my prick as hard as that nearby oak tree.

Anxious to finally see Renee's tit buds in the flesh, I kissed my way down her neck, unbuttoning her blouse as I went. Another half-bra. No time to bother with hooks. I lifted her breasts from the lace and took a minute to simply appreciate her half-inch-long, thick, pink-red nips. Once I started suckling, I couldn't stop! Not until Renee pushed down on my head with both hands, urging me lower.

I bunched her skirt up around her waist and swiveled her legs from under the steering wheel for easier access. My nostrils flared at the unmistakably heady scent of hot pussy. *Mmmm.* And the girl tasted even better. I had never been a big fan of pussylicking, but I couldn't seem to get enough of Renee's fat, pink labes, her hard clit, her slit sauce. She was incredibly responsive, and three thrashing orgasms later she pushed my face away, and we finally fucked.

Then we sat in her car for a while, just talking and getting to know each other.

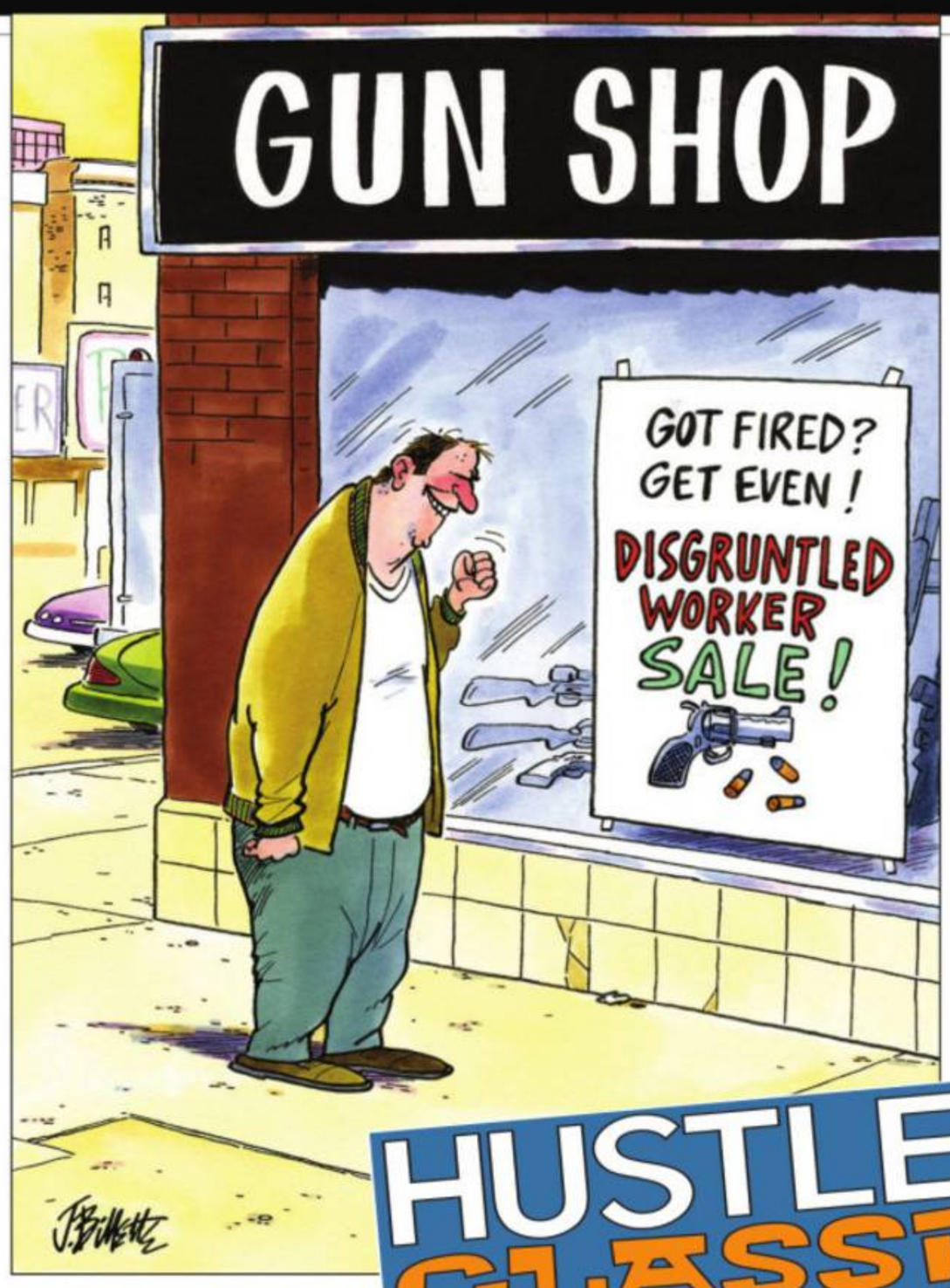
—F.T.

Fargo, North Dakota

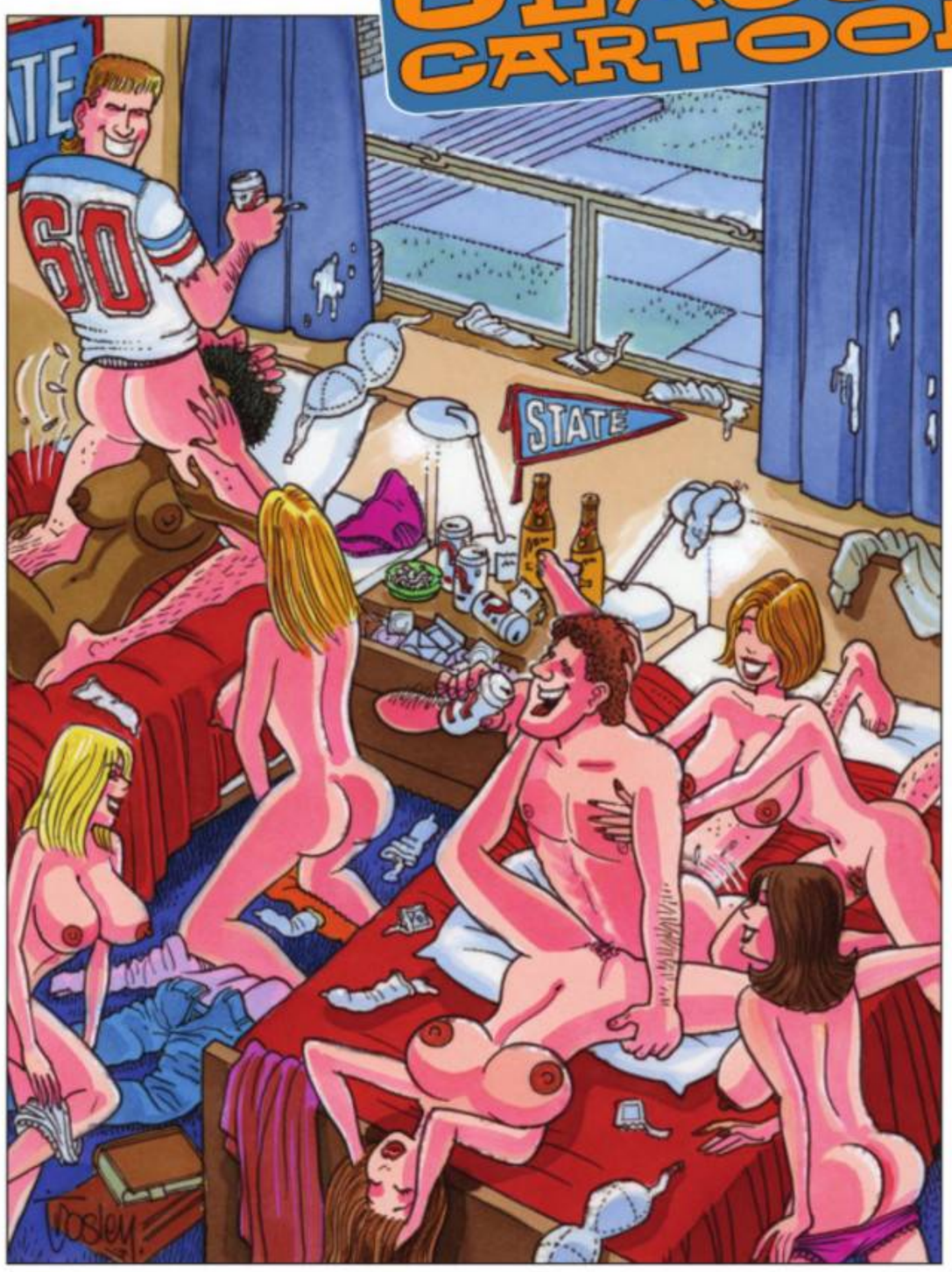
"You eat my pussy and then barf?!
Maybe you just *think* you're a lesbian!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

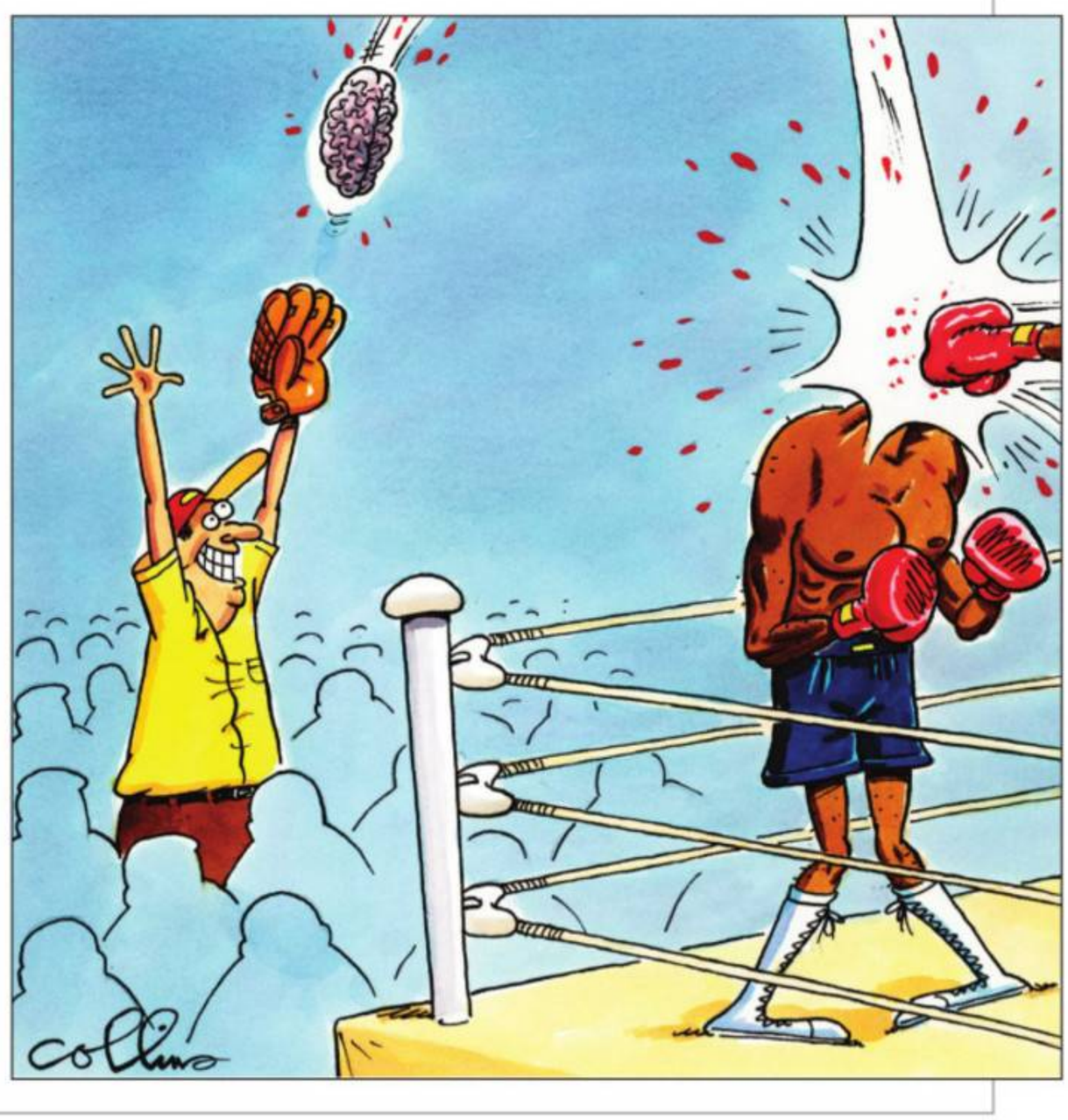
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"We the jury award Anna Nicole Smith $450 million from her late husband's estate, upon immediate completion of 12 blowjobs."



"Maybe Japanese students score higher, but we score more often!"



PLAY BALL '09

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to baseball! Award-winning *San Francisco Examiner* sports columnist **Scott Ostler** gives us the lowdown on the upcoming Major League Baseball season in this exclusive doubleheader for HUSTLER.

THE TOP 10 TEAMS TO WATCH

Franchises making the right moves.

CINCINNATI REDS:

Managers, as a species, are vastly overrated. Most players ignore 'em. Batboys are more valuable. But a few skippers can make a difference, and Dusty Baker is one, especially with young players. He builds confidence, relieves boredom.

This is Baker's second season with the Reds, and he's ready to put it all together with talented up-and-comers like first baseman Joey Votto (.297 batting average, 24 homers in '08), right fielder Jay Bruce (21 homers as a rookie) and pitcher Edinson Volquez (17-6).

NEW YORK YANKEES:

I hate the Yankees. It's all about money: They've got it; your team doesn't. Fortunately, sometimes all the money in the world isn't enough. Unfortunately, 2009 won't be one of those seasons. In their new ballpark the Yankees will do anything to win. They'll hire Sarah Palin as bench coach. They'll snag the best free agents, and leading the way is pitcher CC Sabathia and his $161-million deal. Not annoying enough? The Yankees, with Hank and Hal running the show, have what a New York team deserves—stereo Steinbrenners.

HOUSTON ASTROS:

Always a fascinating team, the Astros do things their own way. They have absolutely no young talent in their farm system. They are cavemen—they just pound the crap out of the ball. They come at you with first baseman Lance Berkman (.312, 29 homers), left fielder Carlos Lee (.314, 28 homers), right fielder Hunter Pence (25 homers) and shortstop Miguel Tejada, the guy who shot vitamins into Raffy Palmeiro's ass. Ron Oswalt, a rock on the mound, will win his usual 18 to 20 games. The Astros shouldn't contend, but they will.

MINNESOTA TWINS:

Youth up the yin-yang (not the club's official motto). Stat guru Bill James rates the Twins number one for young talent. When they play a veteran team, it looks like a father-son game. Best kiddies are Joe Mauer, Justin Morneau, Delmon Young and Boof Bonser. Young, who had serious ump-anger issues in the minors, bears watching in more ways than one. The youth thing is a symptom of a solid organization, and that's always dangerous.

OAKLAND A'S:

Moneyball, the story of A's general manager Billy Beane and his brainy bucking of the baseball establishment, is being made into a movie. And what could be a better ending than the low-budget team riding into the sunset with the girl(s) and the 2009 American League pennant? Beane stripped the team to its axles after the '07 season and loaded up with promising youngsters. His refiguring of the team is supposed to be a year (at least) away from bearing fruit, but Hollywood won't wait.

CHICAGO CUBS:

This is a sentimental pick for the billions of people who hate the Cubs but want to see them win it all so we can stop hearing about long-suffering Cubbie fans, strange curses and Steve Bartman. Falling short in '09 would mean 101 straight seasons without a world championship, and it's like a pimple that won't pop. Please, Lord! If we have to watch more futility, let skipper Lou Piniella—America's favorite volcano—throw at least five or six classic tantrums.

NEW YORK METS:

Like the Yankees, the Mets will be saddled with NBS—New Ballpark Syndrome—as the front office tries extra hard to upgrade the team moving into Citi Field. All this excitement should buoy the club, which might boast the best infield-corners combo in the bigs with third baseman David Wright (.302, 33 homers, 124 RBI) and first baseman Carlos Delgado (38 round-trippers, 115 RBI). Watch Daniel Murphy, a rookie in 2008 who hit .313 as a late-season call-up.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS:

Withdrawal is a bitch. The Giants cut home run king Barry Bonds loose after '07, and this is the year they'll shake off all the lingering effects. Around the All-Star break last season the Giants finally made the long-overdue commitment to youth after years of stopgap old guys helping Barry. MLB's only sub-100 homer team in '08, the Giants will need to hustle, but they've got the kids who can do it. Great starting pitchers too: Tim Lincecum, Jonathan Sanchez, rookie Madison Bumgarner. And don't overlook Barry Zito: Mr. Superflop will be back with 15 wins.

CLEVELAND INDIANS:

In 2007 the Indians knocked the Yankees out of the playoffs before losing to the Red Sox. Last year they were a disappointing .500 team, but now they're back. To win you gotta have a rock, and you gotta have an ace. The rock is center fielder Grady Sizemore (33 homers, 38 steals), a legit five-tool player. (How'd you like to be referred to as a five-tool player?) The ace is pitcher Cliff Lee, an ungodly 22-3 in '08.

DETROIT TIGERS:

Early nominee for Rebound Team of the Year, an award created just now in this very sentence. Who doesn't like Jim Leyland and Curtis Granderson, two of baseball's shining lights? Leyland smokes like your first car and is as old-school as inkwells, but he's one of the few managers who can actually motivate a team. Granderson is a stand-up guy and a great center fielder. Making big improvements last year (strikeouts down, walks up), he'll set the tone in '09.

THE TOP 10 PLAYERS TO WATCH

Future Hall of Famers?

DAVID PRICE
(Tampa Bay Rays)

Man in a hurry. Fresh out of Vanderbilt, the lefty pitched his way from A to AA to AAA to the majors, arriving in mid-September. His first big-league victory was over the Red Sox in Game 2 of the American League Championship Series, then he helped eliminate the Sox by saving Game 7. What's not to like? He's 6-6 and 225, with a mid-90s heater that he can goose up to 98. Killer slider. And in a sport that seems committed to self-indulgent boredom, Price wastes less time between pitches than just about any MLB hurler. Doesn't even take time to scratch himself. Just wants to throw. Hard!

MATT WIETERS
(Baltimore Orioles)

He was *Baseball America*'s 2008 minor leaguer of the year, in his first full season in pro ball, and at 22 could be ready to step into the starting job with the O's. Wieters's dad played in the Atlanta Braves organization and grounded his son in the fundamentals. So Matt is a switch-hitter, of course, and has a knack for getting on base. Wieters could be the best of a crop of potentially great young catchers.

JORDAN SCHAFER
(Atlanta Braves)

Double trouble. On one hand, Schafer was suspended 50 games in the minors last year for an HGH-related violation. But the 22-year-old outfielder swears he's clean and legit. His daily ten-hour off-season workouts are legendary, and he's the unofficial poster boy for the ProBatter pitching simulator. Schafer is a five-tooler and has been in the public eye since 2000, when he was named the nation's best 13-year-old player. (Good grief!)

BARRY BONDS
(Destination unknown)

Seriously. If Bonds can beat his federal perjury rap, some team has to give the guy a shot, even at age 44, because it might be the only way to make the ugly collusion charges go away. And several teams could use a lefty DH who can hit 25 bombs and attract a crowd. Besides, it's not as if baseball has banned *all* jerks. A humbler Barry might be fun to have around.

CLAYTON KERSHAW
(Los Angeles Dodgers)

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

The 21-year-old left-hander is a one-man buzz. Dodgers broadcaster Vin Scully calls his curveball "Public Enemy Number One." Kershaw and David Price were the most exciting debut pitchers of '08. Best (worst?) of all, Kershaw has been compared to a young Koufax. One hates to saddle a young fella with that much build-up baggage, but the kid seems unfazed and ready to roll.

PABLO SANDOVAL
(San Francisco Giants)

Here's the antidote to what's been ailing the Giants, whose veterans don't seem to be having fun. This 22-year-old Venezuelan has more fun than some entire teams. He loves his job and spreads sunshine through the clubhouse. In Sandoval's 41-game rookie campaign he hit .345. Built like a dump truck (5-11, 245), he swings at anything round, yet doesn't whiff much. He once jumped straight up to swing at a high pitch.

MAX SCHERZER
(Arizona Diamondbacks)

How's this for a big-league debut? Called up early in the '08 season, he took the mound in relief against the Houston Astros and retired the first 13 batters he faced, striking out seven. The D-Backs made Scherzer a starter, and although an 0-4 won-lost record didn't blow anyone away, his fastball did—66 strikeouts in 56 innings.

BRANDON MORROW
(Seattle Mariners)

He began the '08 season in AA, was called up as a reliever, sent back down to become a starter and returned as a killer. The 6-3, 185-pounder took two no-hitters into the eighth inning. Throws 95 to 98 m.p.h., and catcher Rob Johnson likens Morrow to Tim Lincecum and Joba Chamberlain.

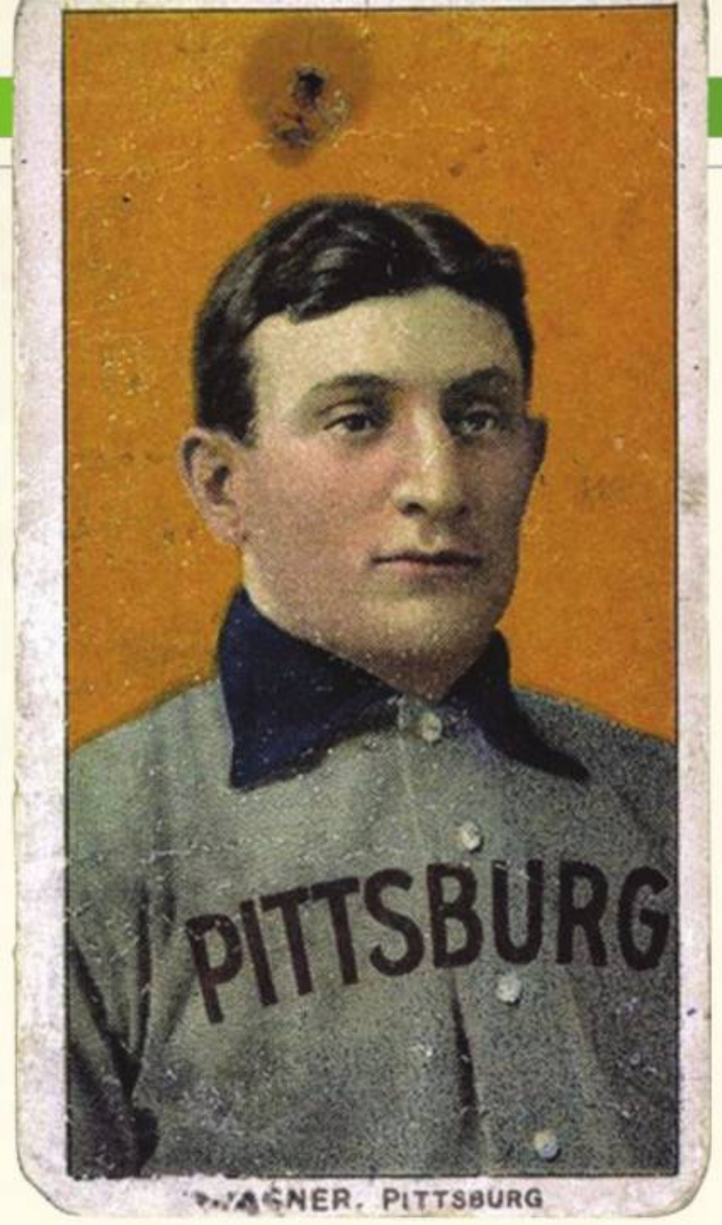
ZACK GREINKE
(Kansas City Royals)

Sneaky. He's average-sized (6-2, 185), right-handed, his three-season W-L is 34-45, but he's ready to blossom after going 13-10 in '08. Bill James says Greinke "may be as good as any [pitcher] in baseball." What stands out is a 95-m.p.h. fastball delivered with the same apparent effort of a pitcher tossing a smudged ball back to the ump.

HUNTER PENCE
(Houston Astros)

He's no longer a secret, but this is the year the 26-year-old busts out. If Pence matches last season's 25 homers, 83 RBIs and league-leading 16 outfield assists, he'll be a star. But the graceful 6-4, 210-pounder has another level or two to go before he realizes Hall of Fame potential.

Scott Ostler is an 11-time winner of the California Sportswriter of the Year award. His book *How to Cheat in Sports: Professional Tricks Exposed!* was recently featured in HUSTLER and is available at **Amazon.com**.

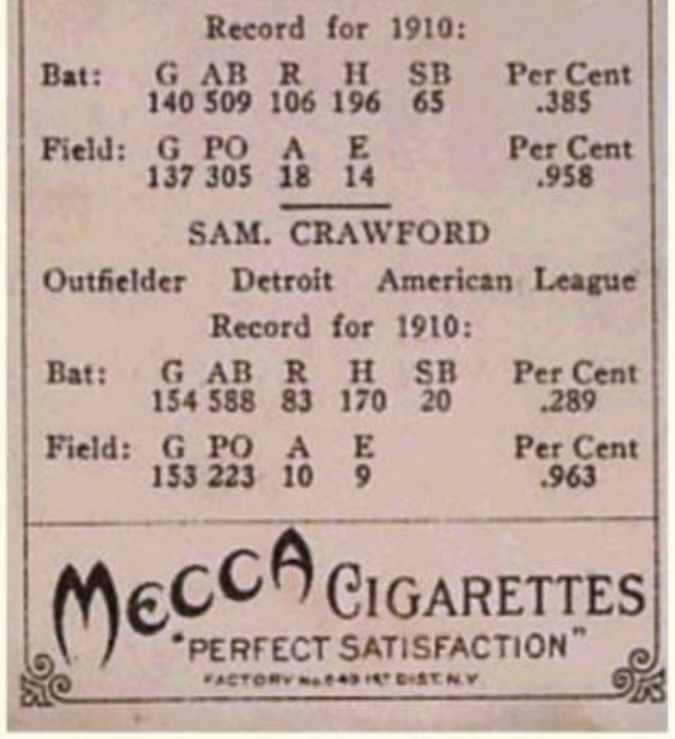


The T206 Honus Wagner is the Most Valuable Baseball Card in the world. (T206 refers to the publisher's lot number.) The Pittsburgh Pirates shortstop objected to his face being used to sell cigarettes, although he had no problem endorsing gunpowder, chewing gum and soft drinks. Wagner's 1909 card was withdrawn, and only as few as 50 ever circulated. Hockey great Wayne Gretzky bought one for $451,000 in 1991; it was resold several times, finally for a whopping $2.8 million in 2007.

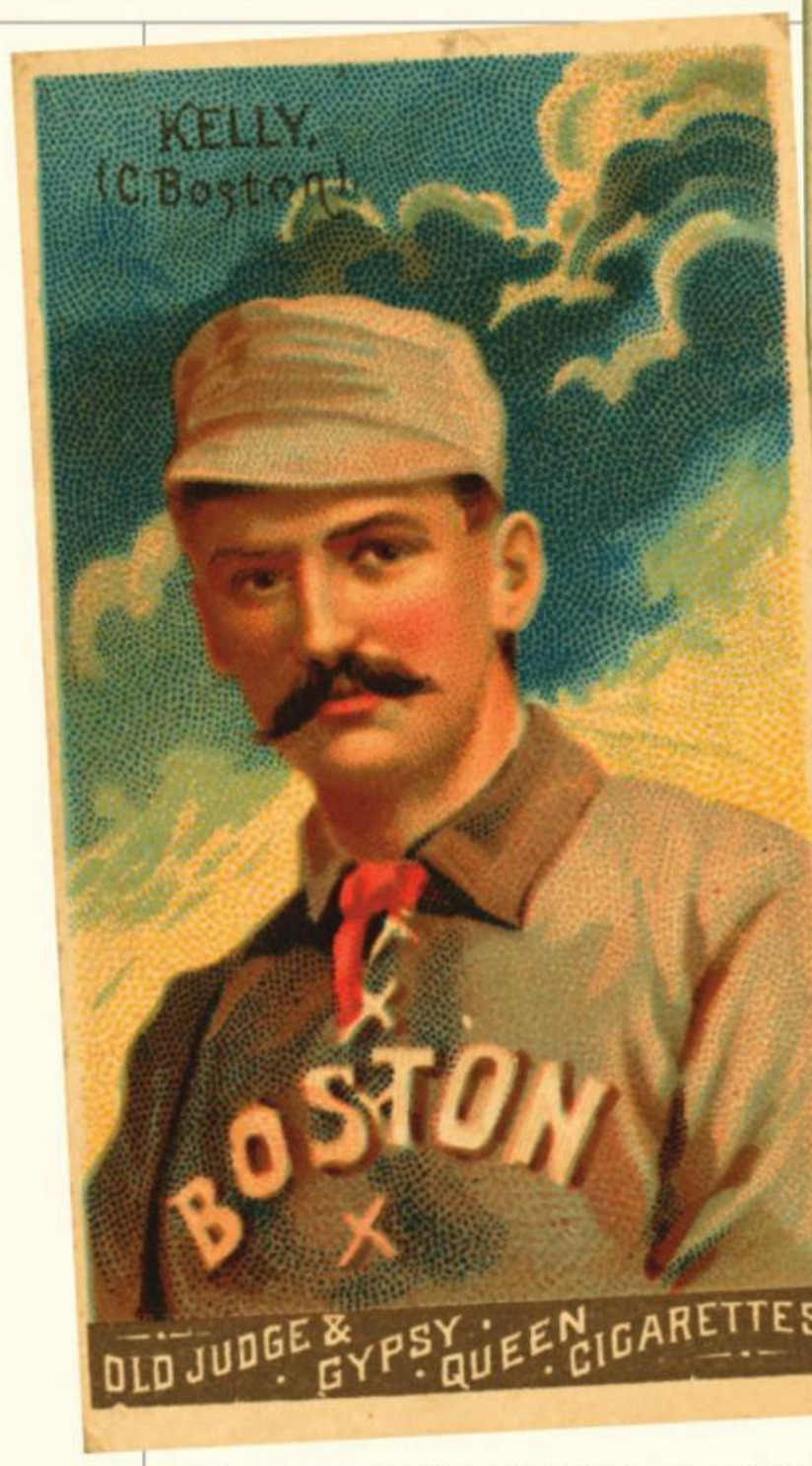
Only ten of these 1914 Bambino cards featuring Babe Ruth are known to still exist. One was auctioned for $243,000 in 2004; another sold for $150,800 in 2006. This is considered the second-rarest baseball card after the T206 Honus Wagner.

Second baseman Eddie Collins of the Philadelphia Athletics was immortalized with this 1914 card tucked in packs of Piedmont cigarettes. It is now valued at about $500.

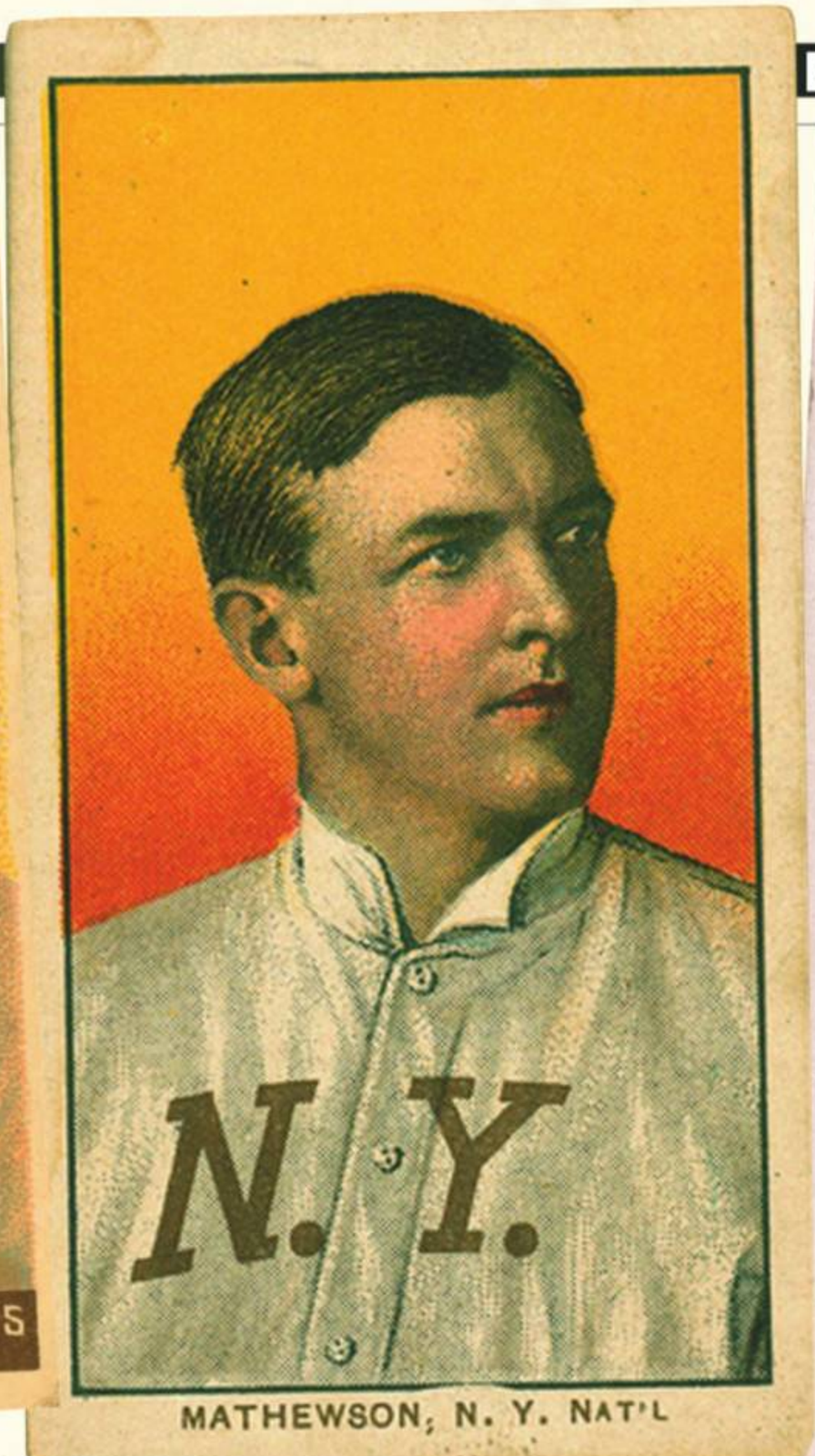
This rare Obak cigarette card sells for about $700. The modest value is primarily because catcher Claude Berry was a minor-leaguer with the San Francisco Seals of the Pacific Coast League. Still, the age of the card—dated 1909—makes this a collectible.


Cobb—Detroit Am.
BASE BALL FOLDER SERIES
TYRUS R. COBB
Outfielder Detroit American League
Record for 1910:
Bat: G 140 AB 509 R 106 H 196 SB 65 Per Cent .385
Field: G 137 PO 305 A 18 E 14 Per Cent .958
SAM. CRAWFORD
Outfielder Detroit American League
Record for 1910:
Bat: G 154 AB 588 R 83 H 170 SB 20 Per Cent .289
Field: G 153 PO 223 A 10 E 9 Per Cent .963
MECCA CIGARETTES
"PERFECT SATISFACTION"

Mecca cigarettes introduced the "double folder" to get two ballplayers for the price of one. By folding the card, the legs of one became the legs of the other. These were also the first cards to include stats on the reverse side. "Double folders" are less sought after than conventional cards but do have value. This Ty Cobb/Sam Crawford card is worth about $850.



Of all the vibrant Goodwin Champion cards from 1888, the most striking example is "King" Kelly. (The catcher was also known as "$10,000" Kelly, after the Boston Beaneaters acquired him for a record price.) This auctioned for $1,526 in 2006.



This T206 Christy Mathewson was published between 1909 and 1911. The New York Giants pitcher was one of the original inductees into the Hall of Fame. This version sells for $400 to $500.

Chicago White Stockings' first baseman "Cap" Anson was the first to get over 3,000 career hits—and also a major-league racist. Hateful old bastard or not, his card sold for $9,860 in 2008.

CARDBOARD COLLECTIBLES

ONCE GIVEN AWAY FREE BY TOBACCO COMPANIES, THESE ANTIQUE SLICES OF AMERICANA SELL FOR MILLIONS.

Baseball cards existed long before they were sold along with a dusty slab of bubble gum. From the late 1880s through the 1920s, inserts depicting ballplayers were packaged in long-forgotten cigarette brands such as Sweet Caporal, Piedmont and Mecca—and some of these freebies are now worth a fortune.

During that pre-TV, pre-Internet era, cards kept big-leaguers' faces in the public eye. The earliest cards were smaller than their modern counterparts, with images hand drawn from photos. For aficionados, the most desirable vintage cigarette cards featured outstanding hitters and pitchers, but even those of unheralded players may be worth ten, 20 or even several hundred dollars. As for baseball's immortals, such as Hall of Famers Honus Wagner and Babe Ruth, their precious cards have fetched up to six figures or more from rabid collectors.

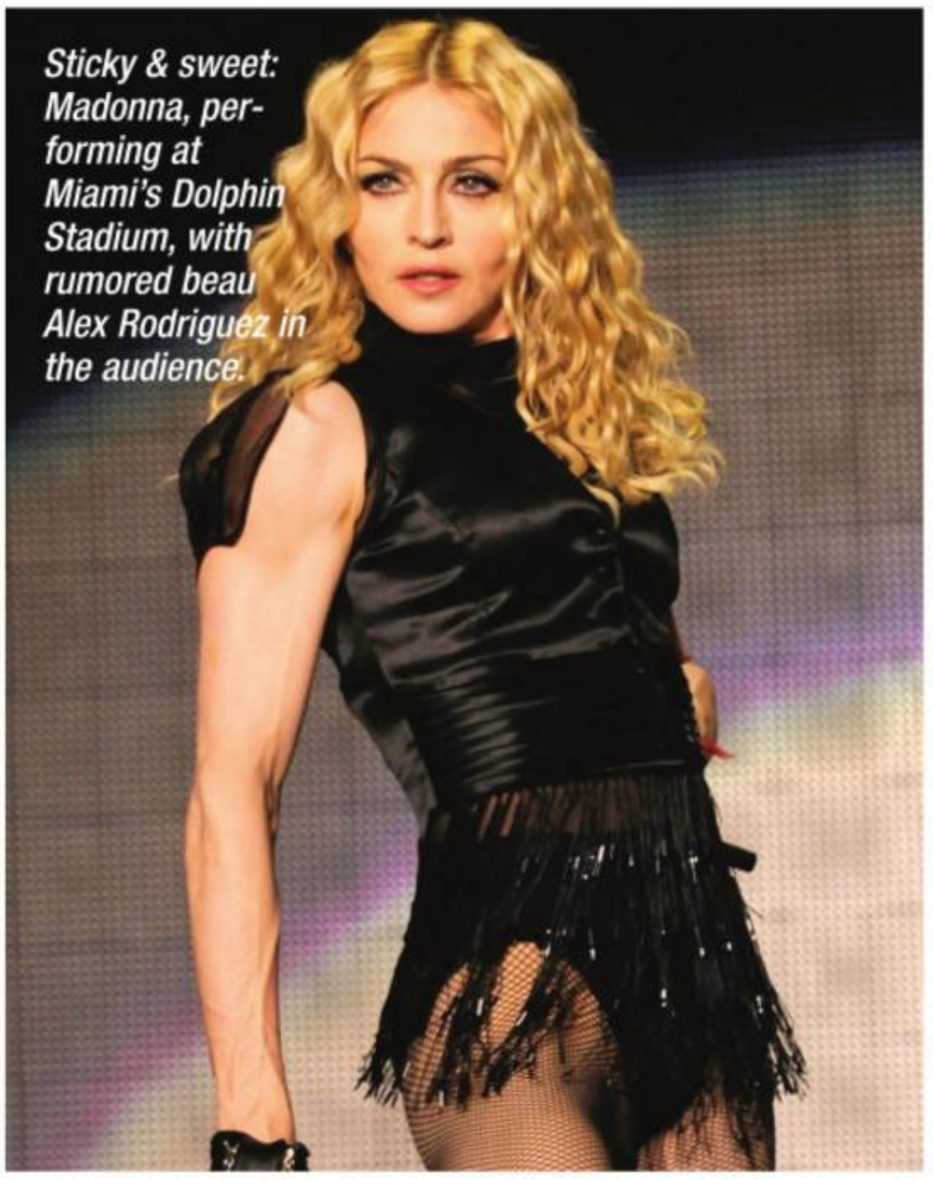
BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

BASEBALL SLUTS:

BATTING & BALLING

"I see great things in baseball."
—Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Ol' Walt got it. The legendary poet wrote movingly on the sport, clearly seeing its grace and nobility. But you don't have to be a top-notch wordsmith to see the "great things" that impressed Whitman. Baseball messes with your head; it jangles your emotions; it seeps into your DNA. And it makes chicks hornier than hell.



Sticky & sweet: Madonna, performing at Miami's Dolphin Stadium, with rumored beau Alex Rodriguez in the audience.

Ask home run king Barry Bonds, whose ex-mistress, Kimberly Bell, posed nude in *Playboy* and detailed the couple's sexcapades in an accompanying narrative. Or Hall of Famer Kirby Puckett, whose own debauchery as a Minnesota Twin was chronicled in *Sports Illustrated* compliments of his former number one fan, Laura Nygren. Or the New York Yankees' Alex Rodriguez, subject of gossip columns about the All-Star's stable of "Baseball Annies"—not to mention alleged sleepovers with music's perennial man-mattress, Madonna. There's an endless list of randy ballplayers…and an even longer list of willing women.

Alyssa Milano

Hot-to-trot groupies are as much a part of the national pastime as blazing fastballs, majestic home runs and the seventh-inning stretch.

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

Who are these ladies anyway? Let's start with onetime child star Alyssa Milano of *Who's the Boss?* and *Charmed.* Little Alyssa is all grown up now—with one of the most bodacious bodies in showbiz. But despite being one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelorettes, the hottie doesn't tend to date actors. What fries Alyssa's tasty bacon are Major League Baseball players. Most notably, she's been publicly involved with a lineup of star pitchers: Barry Zito, Tom Glavine, Carl Pavano and Brad Penny. In addition, Milano has designed a line of licensed sportswear and posts her "Touch 'Em All" baseball musings at **Alyssa.MLblogs.com**.

And when Alyssa's lying in bed alone at night (an occurrence about as rare as a Chicago Cubs World Series appearance, one would assume), the national pastime helps her drift into slumberland: "When I can't sleep because my mind is racing," she once reflected, "I close my eyes and think about being at the stadium. I think of the sound of the bat cracking. And you know what? It usually works."

Alyssa Milano and Barry Zito paired up in 2004.

It's nice to hear that a Louisville Slugger makes Alyssa Milano feel all warm and snuggly once she's safely tucked under the covers. But are chicks like she and The Material Mattress in the minority? How many female fans give of themselves as generously as these two? (Well, okay, allegedly give.)

Some interesting statistics: Scarborough Research found that Major League Baseball's total female attendance exceeds that of pro football, basketball and hockey combined. A current ESPN poll stated that 47% of baseball fans are women and that 17% of the female population considers themselves "avid" fans. Still up in the air is what percentage would purr, "I'll blow you after the game." For whatever reason, a massive amount of chicks are into baseball, and that leads to this surefire conclusion: Being a big-league baseball player is a fun job.

A few legendary Casanovas deserve special mention:

MICKEY MANTLE. Back in the '50s and '60s the Yankee slugger's name was synonymous with amazing athleticism. Today it's common knowledge that Mantle was an insatiable pussyhound. At the height of his fame, countless women lobbed themselves at The Mick, and he came pretty close to slamming every single one out of the park. No wonder Mantle often referred to himself as baseball's "Eight-Time Most Valuable Fucker." He not only regularly banged chicks off the field, but also became so sex-obsessed that he would even hunt for a relaxing piece of trim between games of doubleheaders.

BO BELINSKY. A phenom with the old Los Angeles Angels in the early '60s, Belinsky hurled a no-hitter as a rookie, but the lefty's fame came primarily from his notorious womaniz-

THE ORIGINAL "BASEBALL ANNIE"

HOW SEXUAL OBSESSION AND ATTEMPTED MURDER GAVE DIAMOND GROUPIES THEIR NICKNAME.

Infatuated women have thrown themselves at crotch-grabbing, tobacco-spitting, tomcatting players as long as baseball has been around. Back in the early 1900s the sport was dog eat dog, and the era's unscrupulous legends included "Dirty Jack" Doyle, John McGraw and Ty Cobb, who'd sharpen his spikes in the dugout. Games often became bloody affairs, with brawls breaking out constantly on the diamond and in the stands. Newspapers, politicians and the clergy self-righteously clamored for reform.

Team owners thought that enticing the opposite sex into their ballparks would add an air of respectability. The theory being, if you get women into the stands, men would behave themselves. "Ladies Days" were scheduled, with advertisements targeting a more genteel demographic.

It worked…sort of. Attendance rose steadily, and the embarrassing mayhem subsided. But eventually the ladies began misbehaving. There were women who had crushes on a favorite slugger and would only "do" him; looser damsels who carnally supported an entire team; down-to-earth gals seeking long-term, monogamous relationships; and harpies looking for a quick payoff. Players got laid like crazy, and if complications developed, they were handled by a team's front office as the press looked the other way. For example, everyone knew that Babe Ruth, the Sultan of Swat, was equally renowned as the Sultan of Twat, but sportswriters wrote only about the Bambino's prowess with his bat, not his balls.

This official policy of discretion couldn't stop Ruth Ann Steinhagen from making headlines—big headlines—nationwide and popularizing a term in baseball jargon.

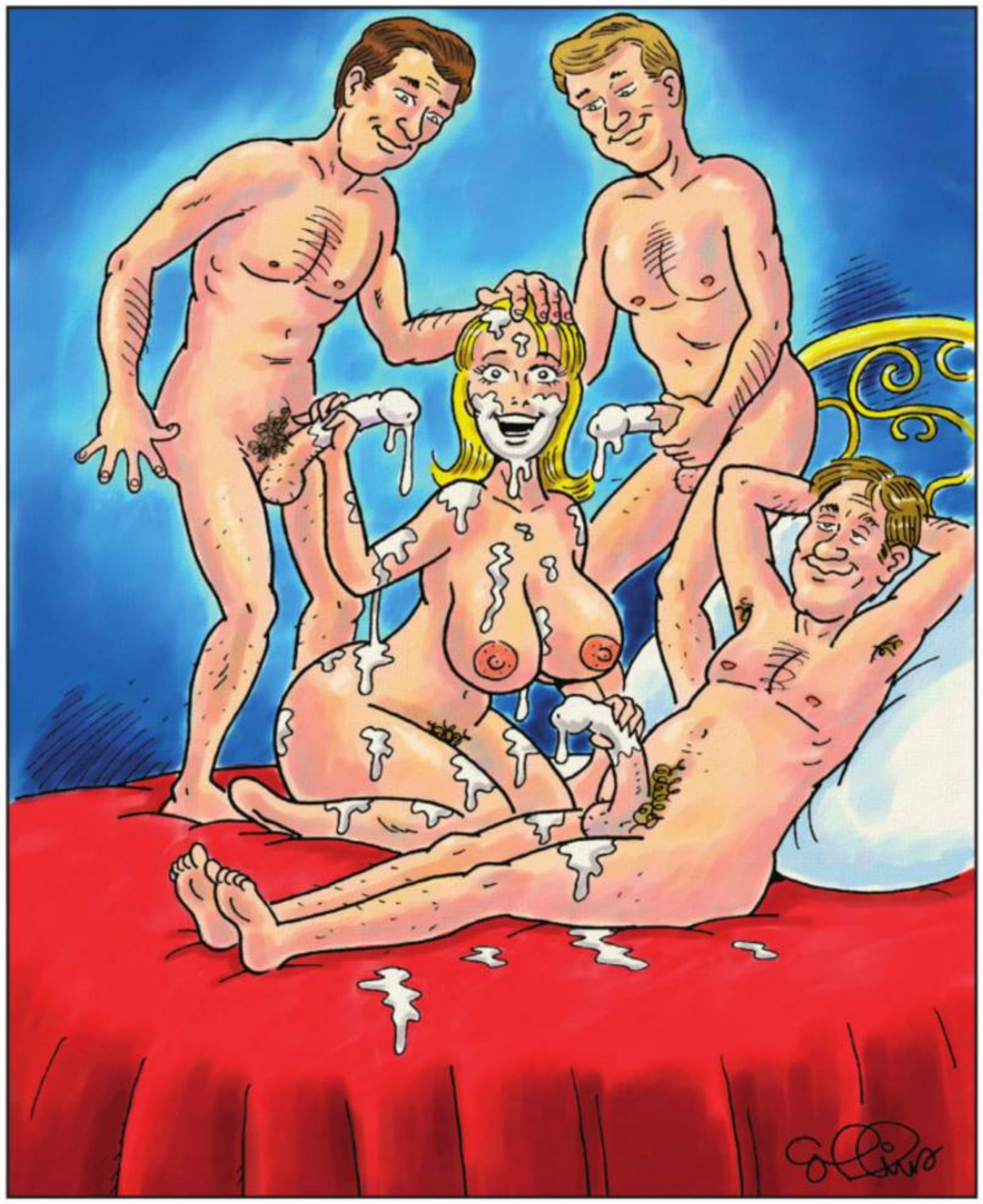
In 1941, Ruth Ann—then only eleven years old—became obsessed with Eddie Waitkus, a promising rookie first baseman with the Chicago Cubs. World War II intervened, and after Waitkus returned from combat duty, he shined in 1946, '47 and '48. In the meantime, Ruth Ann faithfully watched him from afar as she sat in Wrigley Field's bleachers. Her unrequited love simmered uneventfully until Waitkus was traded after the 1948 season, pushing über-nut Ruth Ann over the edge.

Her heartthrob would now only be in Chicago briefly when his new team, the Philadelphia Phillies, played the Cubs. On June 14, 1949—with the Phillies in town for the first time that season—the schizoid bobby-soxer checked into the team's hotel under an assumed name (one of Waitkus's high school classmates). At the front desk she left a note summoning Waitkus to drop by her room. Soon after he stepped inside, Ruth Ann pulled out a rifle and shot him.

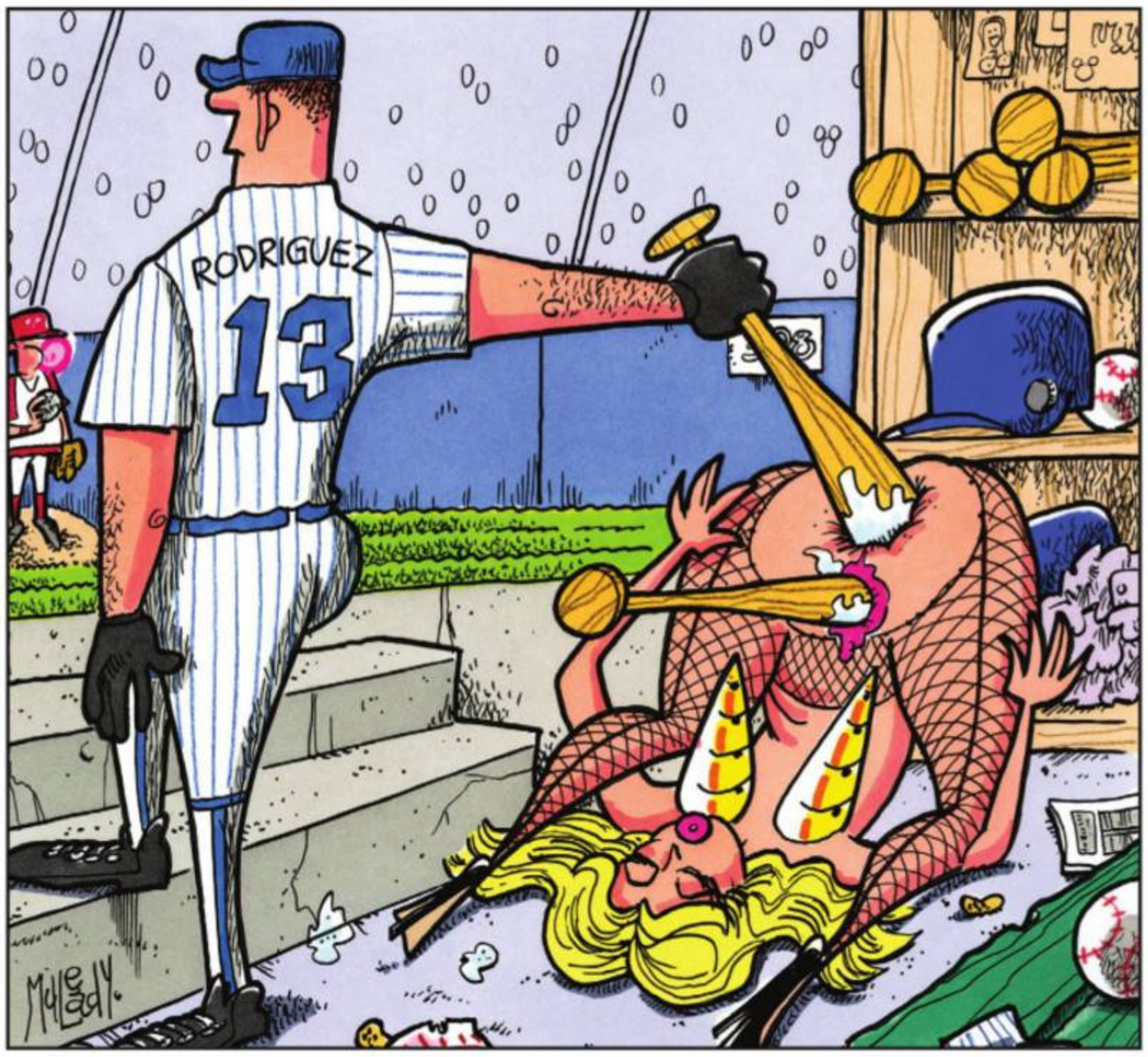
As Waitkus fought for his life in a hospital, the press was all over the story, even though the affair was imaginary. Sex sells, and the public could not read enough about this crime-of-fantasy-passion. When Waitkus was able to talk to outsiders, at his bedside stood a reporter from no less than *Time* magazine, ready to further titillate the nation with the victim's own words.

Waitkus couldn't add any salacious details, of course; the whole love affair existed only in Ruth Ann's goofy head, so he just explained away the whole incident as the antics of a mixed-up "Baseball Annie."

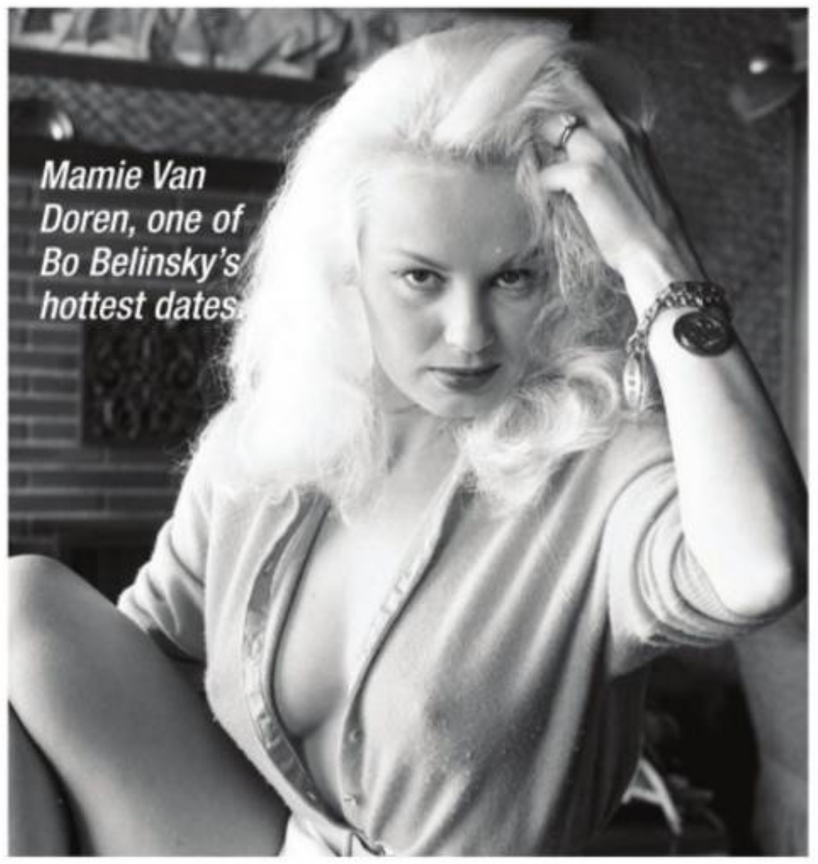
Those two words turned out to be the most memorable Eddie ever uttered. Wire services picked up on the insider's lingo, and "Baseball Annie" became ingrained in diamond lore, enduring to this day as the standard term for a "sexually permissive female baseball fan." *—M. Allen Nathan*



"I lost 65 pounds on Larry Flynt's Cumfast diet!"



"Alex Rodriguez dates Madonna and gets a brand-new bat holder in the deal."



Mamie Van Doren, one of Bo Belinsky's hottest dates.

ing. Bo dated the primo sex kittens of his day: Mamie Van Doren, Ann-Margret, Tina Louise, Juliet Prowse and Connie Stevens. The good times even continued after his playing days ended—he married a *Playboy* Playmate and a smokin'-hot heiress—but chronic alcoholism took its toll. Belinsky ultimately sobered up and found religion.

PETE ROSE. The Cincinnati Reds' perennial All-Star and later super screwup of a manager is most famous for his gambling habit, which has denied him entry into the Hall of Fame. But Rose's formidable reputation in the sack is as impressive as his "Charlie Hustle" stats. Baseball's all-time career hits leader banged so many chicks over the years, his name became a slang term for aberrant sexual behavior. As exemplified in the *Urban Dictionary*: "The girl last night wouldn't let me stick it in, so I just pulled a Pete Rose and had sex with her anyway." Granted, it's not as classy a turn of phrase as Walt Whitman's stuff, but it's an evocative contribution nonetheless.

WADE BOGGS. The Boston Red Sox third baseman won the first of his five American League batting titles in 1983. He also found time to carry on a four-year extramarital affair with sexy Bosox fan Margo Adams. When The Boggmeister decided to move on in 1988, Margo took it hard. The only thing that seemed to mitigate her grief was the $12-million lawsuit she filed for emotional distress and breach of oral contract. (The "breach" involving Boggs's supposed broken promises; the "oral" part presumably was Margo's half of the contract.) In any event, Boggs creatively fought back, blaming his behavior on sex addiction, a term he later admitted learning about from a *Geraldo* episode. Margo sold the (literally) blow-by-blow details of the couple's trysts to *Penthouse*, and the feuding ex-lovebirds ultimately settled out of court for an undisclosed sum.

Then there are Yankee teammates **MIKE KEKICH** and **FRITZ PETERSON**. So carried away by all the sex around them, the two pitchers decided not only to swap wives, but also their entire families! And no depravity list would be complete without a *(continued on page 82)*

"My wife…my whirlpool Jacuzzi bathtub…my Joe the Plumber!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITAL DESIRE

Cherry Bomb

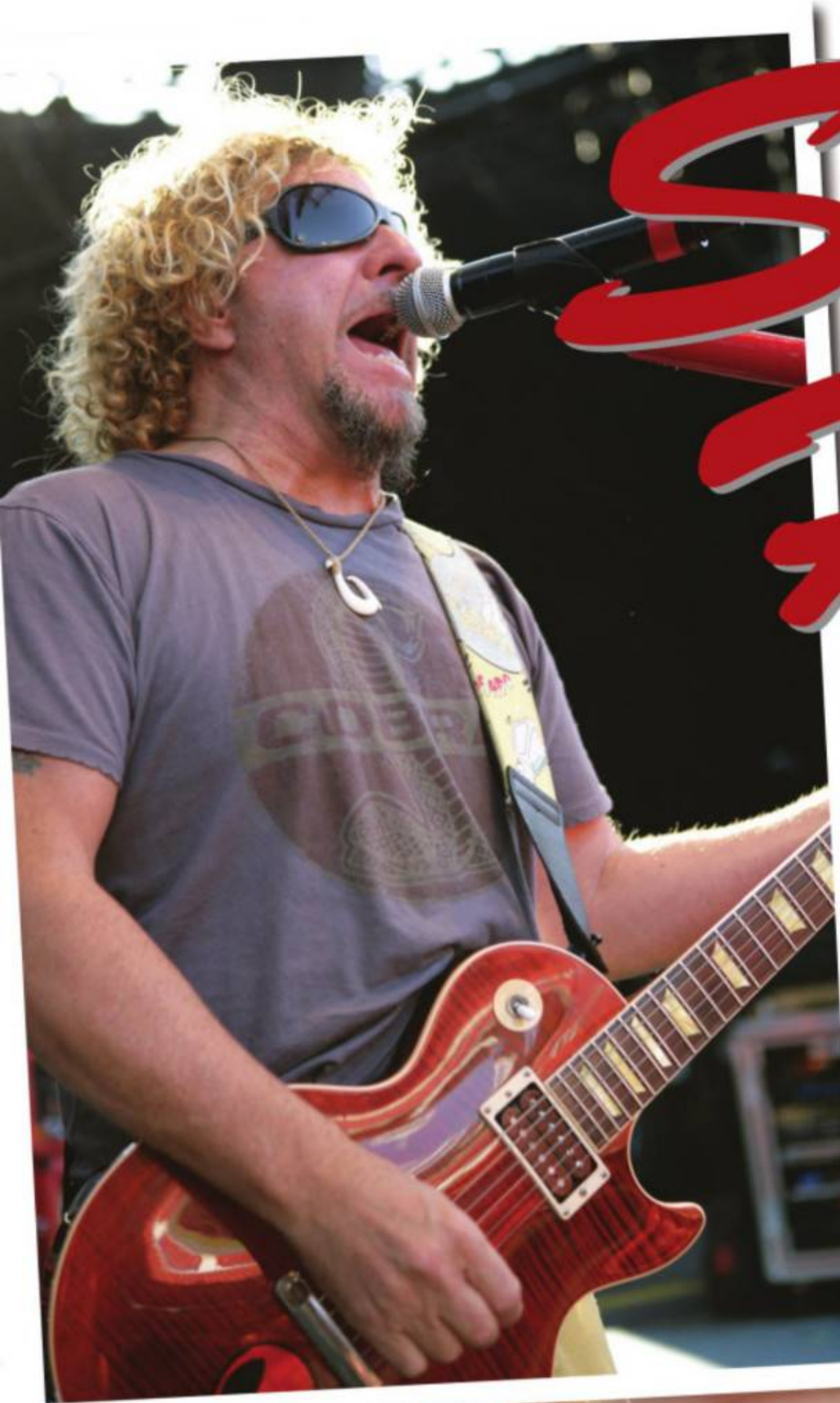
ARIEL

Did this awesome creature take her name from *The Little Mermaid* character she resembles? "I did!" **Ariel** cries. "I'm glad you got that. People think I look so much like her, I had to use the name. You'd be surprised how many guys fantasize about fucking a cartoon girl. I'd love to see myself in a porn cartoon someday. I know it's a little wrong, but things that are a little wrong turn me on."

Like what? “Well, I’m really into seducing and fucking married men,” **Ariel** confides, “especially the ones who resist my advances at first. Getting a man to go against his morals is a real turn-on. I once sucked off a guy while he was on the phone with his wife, assuring her that he wasn’t cheating. I’ve also seduced a few married women. They usually aren’t as nervous about it as the guys. I guess I’m a bit of a bad girl. Maybe that explains why I also like to be spanked.”

What else does this red-hot nympho do for fun? “You mean besides what I just said?” **Ariel** murmurs. “Nothing! What could be more fun than seeking hot sex packed with a heavy dose of seduction? It’s what motivates me to get out of bed every morning—or pulls me back when I’m not alone.”

ARIEL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer



Sammy Hagar

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

The Rock and Roll Hall of Famer who once revitalized Van Halen doesn't miss a beat as he talks about his old bandmates, having a blast and hitting the jackpot as a tequila tycoon.

Sammy Hagar has been living the good life for the past 30-plus years, first as lead singer for Montrose, then as a very successful solo artist ("I Can't Drive 55," "One Way to Rock"). Next for "The Red Rocker" came multiplatinum years with Van Halen. In the meantime Sammy became a multimillionaire thanks to his Cabo Wabo cantinas and tasty tequila. Nice work if you can get it.

HUSTLER: You have an odd bit of history with this magazine.

SAMMY HAGAR: I used to rent out my house in Maui when I was on the road. It is a special house with a very recognizable pool that has an island in the middle with three palm trees on it. Somebody rented my house for a few weeks.

Months later, HUSTLER Magazine comes out, and there are some wild shots that were taken at my house. There's a fucking chick with a three-foot dildo on the pool island! I was really upset because there were even photos taken in my bedroom. (*Laughs.*) I loved the photos; don't get me wrong. It was just that too many people said, "Hey, that's Sammy's house. He's got a wife and kids, and he still has *this* going on?!" I had to say I wasn't there, unfortunately. I didn't get to see any of it! (*Laughs.*)

Is there still only one way to rock?

(*Laughs.*) Well, yeah. I think for a guy at my age there is probably only one way I can rock, and it's the way I've always done it.

Did you really pocket 80 million bucks by selling a big stake of your Cabo Wabo tequila brand?

More than that.

What did you do with the money?

Nothing. It didn't change my life one bit. I've been a rich rock star my whole life and I have everything I could possibly want. The only reason I sold part of the company was that I wanted distribution worldwide. It's tough to get fucking tequila in a bar in your hometown. It's tough enough to get it in a bar you own.

We did really well in America, but I was stumped on how to get it to the rest of the world. Then someone from Skyy Vodka, which is owned by Campari, called and said they would like to buy the brand. I said, "It's not for sale, but I *would* like to talk to you." One thing led to another, and we made a deal. For them to put the investment into worldwide distribution, they said they had to own the company. I said, "You can't." So we ended up with them owning 80% and me keeping 20%.

I'm completely happy. The check didn't bounce. It was all good. The money just went into trust for my children. I'm all set.

So the obvious question would be: Can I have a few bucks?

Sure. How much? I like when people say, "Can I borrow a couple hundred?" I say sure. Then it turns out they meant a couple hundred thousand.

What is the true story behind your breakup with Van Halen?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

It's been a long time, and the story has changed again and again. The way I remember it was that Eddie called me up and said: "Hey, all you want to be is a solo artist, and you're not a team player." This after being in the band for 13 years? We won all the championships, but I'm not a team player?

He said, "We're going to get Dave [David Lee Roth] back." They wanted to do a greatest-hits record, and I didn't want to. He said, "Dave's willing to do it, we're going to get him back in the band, and you can go be a solo artist." I said fine, but it wasn't that simple. There was a lot of name-calling that went on.

So there was no fistfight between you and Eddie Van Halen?

Fuck, no! There could have been, but I didn't see any reason for that. I don't hate anyone. I'm the happiest guy in the world. We did a Van Halen reunion in 2004, and it was the worst thing I've ever done. There were times when it was great, and there were times when it was a fucking train wreck disaster 'cause Eddie was not a healthy human. He was not in good shape and shouldn't have been doing it. So that's why they got Dave back to do it this last time. I refuse to do that again.

What do you think about Van Halen's reunion with David Lee Roth?

I think it's great. I think they owed the fans that. They should have done that years ago. They should have done that before they did it with me. But they can't get along. Look how long it's been.

So obviously I don't get along with them either. I get along with Al [Alex Van Halen], and Mikey [former Van Halen bassist Michael Anthony] is here with me. He's my great, dear friend. My only complaint about the reunion tour is that they should have done it with Mike. My God, after all these years, why didn't they give the fans what they really wanted: the original band? That's my only criticism.

Do you feel bad that Michael Anthony got shut out because he played with you?

What is this, high school?! What grade are we in here? Fuck! Mike goes out and plays with me because we have fun, number one. Number two, because they [Van Halen] didn't do anything for five friggin' years! So Mike asked, "Hey, can I play with you?" I said you can play with me anytime. Eddie can play with me anytime. Anybody can play with me. I like to play music. I like to have fun. Mike and I still do.

Did you catch the reunion show?

No. (*Laughs.*) I'd have a hard time walking into that show.

If Eddie were well, could you ever work with Van Halen again?

I would never say no if Eddie was healthy. He would have to be healthy for more than just a week. That's the way it's kinda been—he goes into rehab for four or five days. It's kind of like the Britney Spears

Michael Anthony
ODD MAN OUT

When Van Halen hit the road for their 2007-2008 "reunion" tour with David Lee Roth, something was missing. There was Eddie, Alex and Dave along with a young-looking bass player with a mullet and a high singing voice. But it was the wrong guy. Wrong mullet. Eddie's kid was taking the spot that once belonged to original Van Halen member Michael Anthony. Backstage during a stop on Sammy Hagar's tour the surprisingly not bitter bassman talked to us about the reunion diss, life after Van Halen and what it's like to be a permanent guest at Hagar's nonstop party.

HUSTLER: Why weren't you part of the Van Halen reunion tour?

MICHAEL ANTHONY: What I told everybody was that when they first announced the tour, I was scheduled to go out and do some shows with Sammy Hagar, so I couldn't do the tour. That's not true. I toured with Sammy because Van Halen didn't ask me to do the tour for whatever reason. You want to do a reunion tour, then do a *real* reunion tour.

Did you call Eddie Van Halen after you found out?

No. I kind of figured, Eddie has always been a little bent toward me since I reconnected with Sammy and went out and played some shows with him. Not because I was being a traitor or whatever. Van Halen wasn't doing anything, and Sammy asked me to come out and play. Jam a couple of Van Halen tunes.

The fans want to hear it, and my wife wanted me out of the house. So I went out. I would never do anything to tarnish the band's name or whatever. I figured, man, this is great. I'll go out and wave the flag, play some of the stuff.

You're not pissed off at Van Halen?

Sure, at first I was a little bit hurt. The thing that hurt me more than not being asked to join the reunion tour was that right after they announced the tour, they launched their new Web site. It had the albums listed there, and they actually Photoshopped me off a couple of the old album covers. I think it was *Women and Children First.* Eddie took me off and actually put his son's photo there. That hurt most.

I'm proud of the band's legacy and everything that the band has done. It was sad to think that they would be so quick to say: "Michael Anthony? Who's Michael Anthony? He was never in the band."

Within a couple days—I know it was, because the fans—they had to change it all back. I'm not the kind of guy to sit there and whine to everybody about it. They wanted to go in that direction, so I'll just find a new direction for myself.

If Eddie called and said, "I made a mistake; please come back and play," would you?

It depends on what the terms would be. Everything would have to be fair, straight up, even across the board.

When you play with Sammy, you seem to be having a blast. Is it as much of a party onstage as it appears?

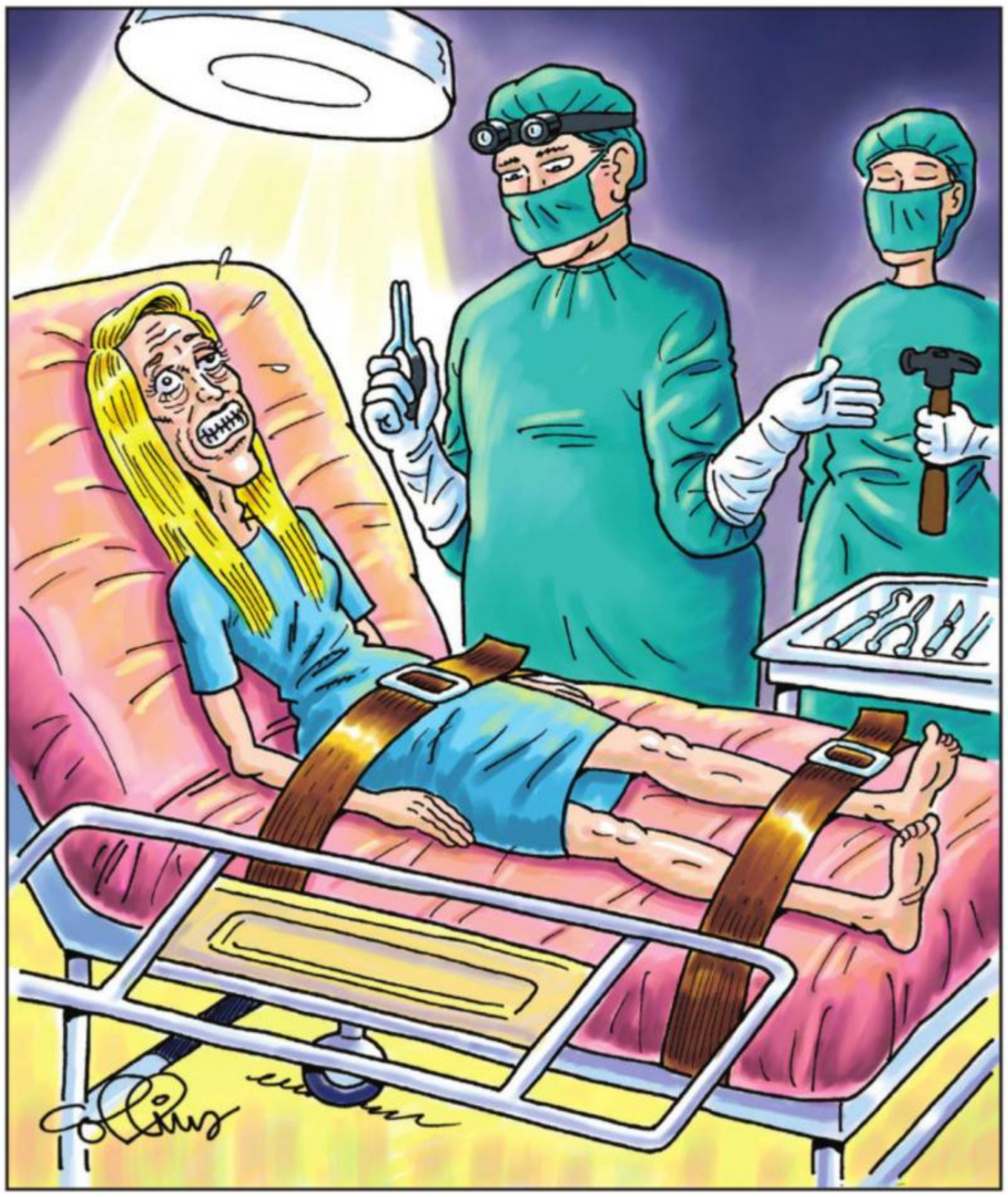
Oh, yeah. What it appears to be is what it is. We basically take the party from backstage right up onto the stage. Sammy kind of re-created the Cabo Wabo club-type vibe. If you go down to Cabo [San Lucas, Mexico] and go to the club and see us there, it's the same as you see here or across the country anywhere on stage.

What else are you working on?

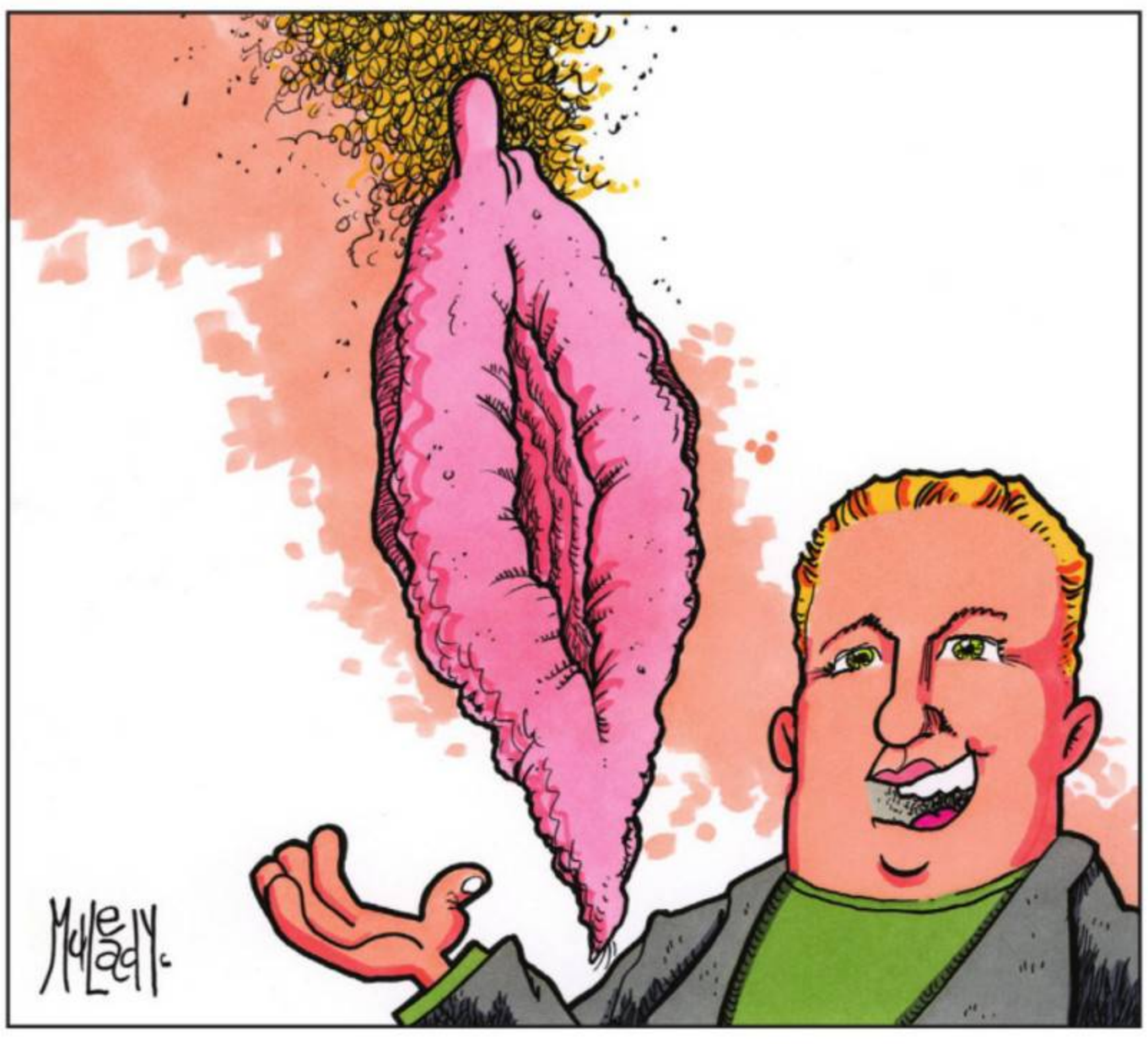
Sammy and I also have another—I hate the word—project that we are working on with Chad Smith from the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Joe Satriani. We have eight or nine original songs already demoed, and we have more ideas.

Does the band have a name?

We've been calling it Chicken Foot. That's the code name. All I can say is the music is awesome! It's jamming like we haven't done in a long time. Everybody is going to be surprised. ■



"There, Ann Coulter's jaw is wired shut. But just to be sure, hand me the hammer and nails."



"I'm Larry Flynt, and I approved this message."

theory. You go in and leave when you want.

What was touring with Roth on the Sam & Dave Tour like?

It was fun. It was really good for the fans. We hit a bump in the road halfway through it because Dave was always trying to manipulate the situation. Dave and I were supposed to take turns headlining, switch every night. But he can't just relax, go out and have fun. He has to put on his whole big costume.

We love the Dave shtick. But it didn't work when he tried to manipulate the situation and say, "Oh, my buses are parked outside two blocks away, so we can't make it on time. You have to go first tonight." Try to play games like that. That was just too stupid for me.

In New York he said, "I know it's your turn to close the show, but I won't play unless *I* close." He pulled that a couple of times, so I said a couple of bad things about him. We got into it, and it wasn't any fun anymore. So we had to end it.

Did you see each other backstage?

Oh, yeah. At the beginning it was cool. I said, "Hey, Dave, let's jam. You come out and sing with me, or I'll come out and sing with you. Whoever closed. I'll come out and play guitar in your band. Let's make this an Elton John and Billy Joel kind of thing." He always had excuses: "Oh, my voice isn't too good tonight. Maybe tomorrow. Let's do it in Chicago." Then things went bad, so it never happened. We are different people from different planets. I'm from Mars. (*Laughs.*)

Tell us about your new CD.

It's called *Cosmic Universal Fashion*, which is a new song that I wrote with a Middle Eastern musician over the Internet. He e-mailed me, saying: "I would love to write a song with you." I said, "Sure, send me some stuff," thinking this is just a crazy guy from Iraq. He sent me the music to five fucking songs that blew my mind! I wrote the lyrics to one, and it's the title track. It is one of the most important songs I've ever written in my life. I liked it so much, it caused me to make a full album.

Is Michael Anthony on the new CD as well?

We recorded a song with Billy Duffy and Matt Sorum called "Loud," and it sounds kind of like the Cult. It has a Montrose feel too. The whole CD is pretty much a rockin' record.

Do you have any awesome groupie stories from your single days?

Fuck, yeah! Tons of 'em. That was the wildest time of my life. You have to realize I was a musician in the '70s and the '80s. The '70s were wilder than the '80s. In the '70s in Montrose we would walk out of the show to the backstage area to get into the cars, and there would be at least ten to 15 groupies all dressed up, ready to go. They were there for the bands, mainly the singer. (*Laughs.*) Then in the '80s, being the lead singer in Van Halen, it was whatever you wanted anytime you wanted it. It was awesome.

Has your life really just been one big party?

Pretty much. I have a lot of fun. It isn't as much of a down-and-dirty party as it probably seems. But if I'm not having fun, I'm outta there. That's why I'm still playing music, because it's awesome. I don't need to do it for the money. I do it for me. If I didn't, I'd be bored on my ass. (*Laughs.*)

THE SARAH PALIN CHRONICLES

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

SARAH, I REALIZE THAT YOU'RE IN A *HURRY* TO PACK UP AND FLY HOME TO ALASKA, BUT WEARING A *TOWEL* TO MEET WITH ME IS A LITTLE INAPPROPRIATE, DON'T YOU THINK?

INAPPROPRIATE? *HECK*, NO! I JUST PAID $1,000 AT *SAKS* FOR THIS BATH TOWEL, AND I JUST WANTED TO GET A LITTLE *SHOW* OUT OF IT! THAT'S ALL!

THIS COUNTRY MADE A *BIG MISTAKE*, HONEY! WITH WHAT YOU SPENT FROM COAST TO COAST USING THIS *GOP CREDIT CARD*, YOU DID A HECK OF A LOT MORE FOR THE ECONOMY THAN THAT *BAILOUT BILL* DID!

ALASKA FOR ST!

ARCTIC CAT

NOVEMBER

GOP CREDIT

HELLO MY NAME IS TODD

MAVERICK

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, *MAVERICK*! IT COULD HAVE BEEN ONE HELL OF A RIDE, DON'T 'CHA THINK?

FEH! I'VE GOT TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, *SARAH*! I ONLY SELECTED YOU TO AVOID EVER HAVING TO RECEIVE MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION FROM *MITT*!

WELL, BACK TO *ALASKA*! HAVE WE GOTTEN ANY GOOD *OFFERS*, TODD?

WELL, THE *OUTDOOR CHANNEL* WOULD LIKE YOU TO HOST A TOPLESS HUNTING SHOW!

LIQUOR

DEPOSIT TRASH

ALASKA BOUND

13TH AVE
25TH ST
A HUNTING SHOW, EH? GOSH DARN IT, THAT COULD PLAY WELL! DON'T 'CHA THINK, TODD? ESPECIALLY DOWN THERE IN THE SOUTH!
THAT SHIT IS WHACK
THE 740 FAN
SLEDDIN' AND SCREWIN'
ALASKANS DO IT WITH THEIR BOOTS ON!
HELL, YEAH! THE EVANGELICALS DOWN THERE LOVE YOU! AND WHILE YOU WERE BUSY CAMPAIGNING THERE, YOU EVEN GOT THE ENDORSEMENT FROM UNPLANNED PARENTHOOD!

HECK, IT'S NICE TO BE HOME! AIN'T IT, SARAH? WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D LIKE TO DO?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? LET'S DRINK SOME BEERS AND FUCK LIKE A COUPLE OF MOOSE IN HEAT! BUT DON'T FORGET TO UTILIZE A LITTLE PROTECTION, TODD!
TRESPASSERS WILL B SHOT
PALIN
LIKE WEARING A CONDOM?
WHAT?! NO, NOT BIRTH CONTROL! I MEANT PULL THE SHADE TO PROTECT US FROM THOSE SNOOPING RUSSIANS!

WHATEVER YOU DO, JUST DON'T EJACULATE ALL OVER MY MISS WASILLA SASH AGAIN!
I'M ABOUT TO COME!
MISS W
OH, SHIT! YOU GOT IT ALL OVER MY TRENDY KAZUO KAWASAKI EYEGLASSES! SAY, DO YOU THINK I COULD MAYBE GET AN ENDORSEMENT DEAL WITH THEM?
IT WOULD BE A HECK OF A LOT MORE BELIEVABLE THAN HOME PREGNANCY KITS, HONEY!
SQUIRT

HOW IS IT GOING, SARAH? THIS IS THE HEAD CHEESE OF THE OUTDOOR CHANNEL! I JUST WANTED TO CALL AND SAY HOW EXCITED WE ARE TO HAVE YOU ABOARD!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME FOR ANOTHER HUNTING SHOW?

HORSE

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? AT THE END OF ANY REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION WE'RE ALL STALKING, KILLING AND SKINNING WILDLIFE TO STAY WARM AND FEED OUR FAMILIES... EVEN THE LIBERALS!

ALL RIGHT! I'M IN!

CONTRACT

WE'RE READY TO ROLL, SARAH! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND DOING THE SHOW TOPLESS.

HECK NO! I LOST MY DIGNITY AND SELF-RESPECT MONTHS AGO! JUST DON'T ASK ME TO HUMP THE DEAD MOOSE! I AIN'T TOM GREEN, Y'KNOW?

DON'T WORRY, SARAH! THE ONLY SURPRISE WE HAVE FOR YOU IS THAT YOUR HUNTING PARTNER AND COHOST WILL BE DICK CHENEY!

I QUIT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WALKED AWAY FROM SUCH A LUCRATIVE GIG, HONEY! DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT THIS IS A BETTER JOB THAN HUNTING WITH DICK CHENEY?

MAYBE NOT BETTER...BUT IT SURE IS A HELL OF A LOT LESS DANGEROUS!

PETMART

COSMETICS DEPARTMENT

PITBULL LIPSTICK ON SALE!

SARAH

END

WHO KILLED MICHAEL CONNELL?

The suspicious, disturbing death of the man who allegedly rigged Bush's reelection in 2004.

Michael Connell, the suspected crucial techno linchpin in the theft of a Presidential election, and much more, is dead at the age of 45. His unnatural, suspicious demise raises serious questions about the corruption of the American electoral process—questions that now may never be answered. His death also cuts off a critical path to what can be known about how votes shifted from John Kerry to George W. Bush in the wee hours of Election Day 2004.

On December 19, 2008, Connell was flying himself home from College Park, Maryland, in unremarkable weather. While approaching his destination, Ohio's Akron-Canton airport, the accomplished pilot radioed a terse message to the control tower that he was having a problem. Soon thereafter, just 2.5 miles from the airport, Connell was killed when his Piper Saratoga crashed into an upscale neighborhood.

"We have been confidentially informed by a source we believe to be credible that Karl Rove has threatened Michael Connell, a principal witness."
—e-mail to Attorney General Michael Mukasey

A long-time, outspokenly loyal associate of the Bush family, Connell created the Bush-Cheney Web site for their 2000 Presidential campaign. Later, as Karl Rove's chief IT (information technology) consultant and operative, he may have played a role in various computer "malfunctions" that helped the GOP claim the Presidency in 2000. A devout Catholic and the father of four children, Connell stated in various interviews and a deposition that his primary motive for working for the Republican Party was his belief that abortion is murder.

MICHAEL CONNELL

PHOTO: AP

A month before he died, Connell—president of New Media Communications—wrote the following in the company's newsletter, regarding Barack Obama's election: "In our 230-year history, our democracy has suffered worse fates. It's just that none come to mind right now." Connell also wrote: "This is just a moment in time, and this too shall pass. Enduring is the fact that 2,000 years ago a babe was born in Bethlehem. When our Lord God sent His only Son for our salvation.... In spite of the current economic and political conditions, salvation is eternal."

New Media Communications worked closely with SmarTech in creating Republican and right-wing Web sites that were hosted on SmarTech servers. Among Connell's clients were the Republican National Committee, Swift Boat Veterans for Truth and GWB43.com. The SmarTech servers at one point housed Karl Rove's e-mails, some of which have since mysteriously disappeared despite repeated court-sanctioned attempts to review them.

In 2001, Michael Connell's GovTech Solutions was selected to reorganize the Capitol Hill IT network. GovTech, Connell bragged, was the only private-sector company to gain permission to place its server behind House Information Resources' firewall.

Ohio's Republican Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell hired Connell in 2004 to create a real-time computer data compilation for counting Ohio's votes. Under Connell's supervision, Ohio's Presidential vote

WRECKAGE PHOTOS: THE REPOSITORY

WRECKAGE PHOTOS: THE REPOSITORY

count was transmitted to private, partisan computer servers owned by SmarTech, which is headquartered in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Results would then be returned electronically to the Ohio Secretary of State.

Computer security expert Steven Spoonamore—a loyal Republican—called this setup a classic "Man in the Middle" configuration, often used in computer bank fraud. The "Man in the Middle" can alter, correct or delete data before sending it on.

At 12:20 a.m. on November 3, 2004—hours after the polls closed—initial vote counts showed John Kerry the clear winner of Ohio's Presidential campaign. The Buckeye State's 20 electoral votes would have given Kerry the Presidency.

But from then until around 2 a.m. the flow of information mysteriously ceased. *(continued on page 66)*

Michael Connell being served with a subpoena to testify in the Ohio election fraud case and at the airport in College Park, Maryland.

PHOTOS COURTESY BRAD FRIEDMAN/BRADBLOG.COM

BY MICHELLE MCCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

That Gi5rl

AGE: 24

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 49

LOCATION: San Diego, California

URL: MySpace.com/em_urgency

Charlotte Sterling's first expedition to the sexual arena had an international flair to it. The lucky guy, a 21-year-old exchange student from the Netherlands, was nice enough to satisfy her schoolgirl crush with a game of chance. "I was a senior in high school when I lost my virginity on the pool table in my parents' house with a blond skateboarder who bartended by night," Charlotte recounts. "I found him worldly and exciting, and his Dutch accent was such a turn-on."

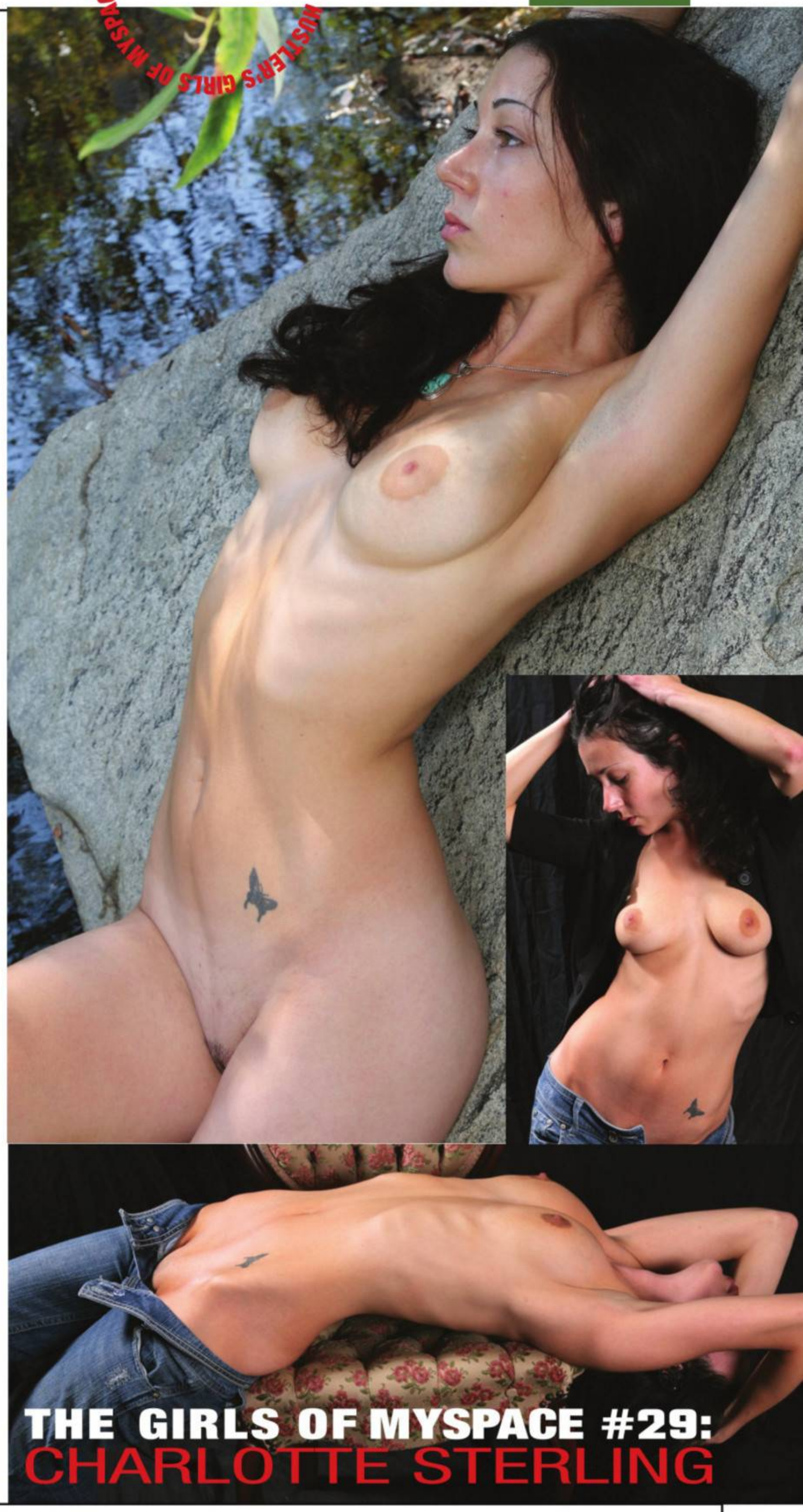
You might say the experience instilled a sense of wanderlust in this obliging goodwill ambassador, since she's never lived in the same place for more than five years and is always on the go (or at the beach). A globe-trotter in every sense of the word, Charlotte has enjoyed intimate relationships with male and female inhabitants of many different lands.

"I think women are absolutely gorgeous," she marvels. "The female form is as close to perfection as it gets. However, I prefer to be with men. I love guys with strong arms who can completely encircle my waist with just one arm or literally sweep me off my feet and lift me right off the ground."

The Southern California resident (for now at least) admits to being "passionate, creative, fun and bold" in bed. She's also a big fan of having her playmates don bondage collars, chains and cuffs. "I like to be in the driver's seat," the MySpace neophyte confides.

Odds are it was Charlotte's idea to have sex during a friend's wedding reception a few years back. "It was at the Serra Museum in San Diego," she recalls. "My date and I snuck up to the top of the tower and..." Use your dirty imagination to fill in the rest.

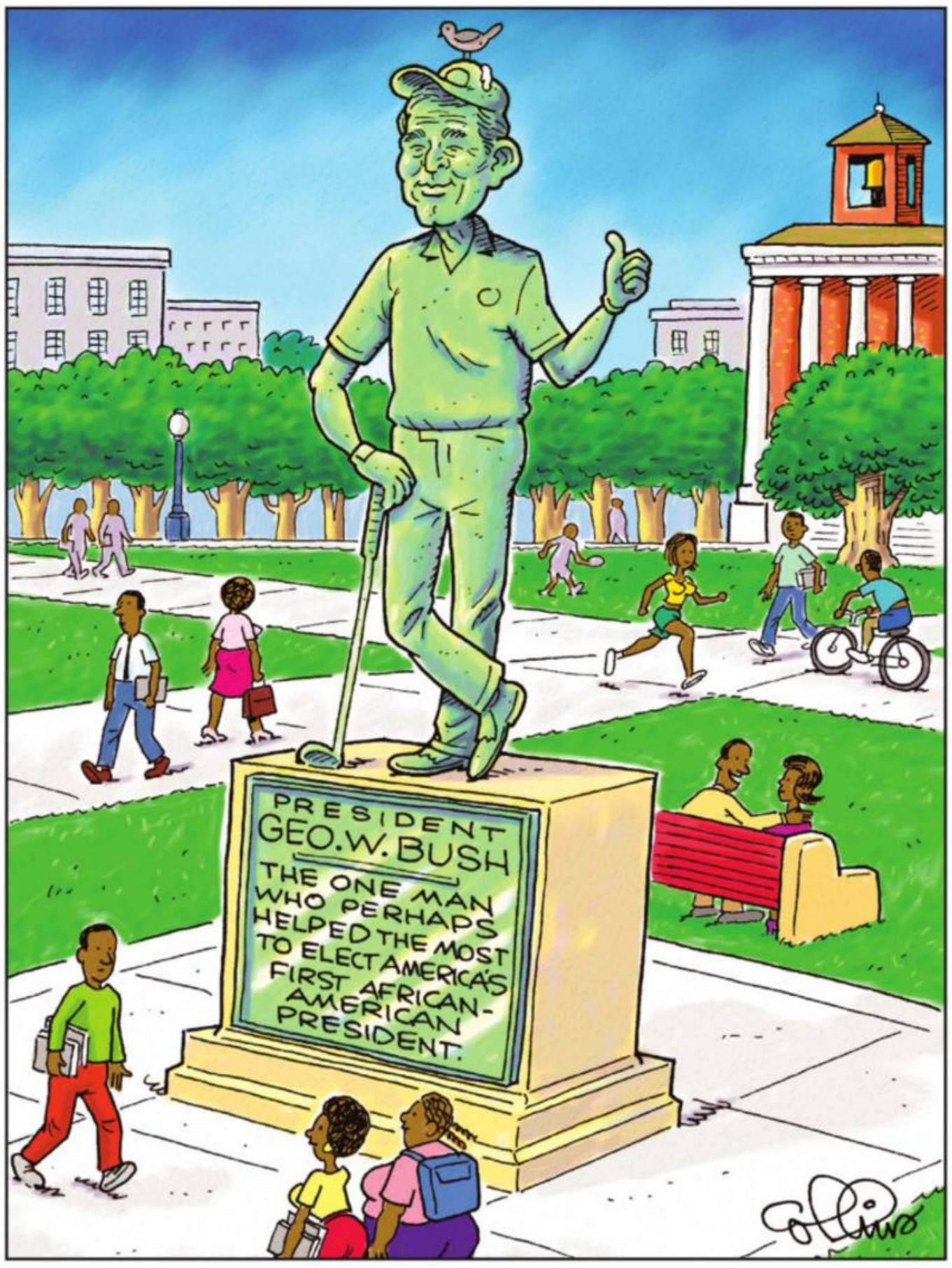
Despite being amorously adventurous, Charlotte has yet to partake of a threesome, maintaining she likes to focus her energy and attention on just one lover at a time. "I'm not opposed to the idea," she assures us, "as long as the person added to the equation is female."



THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #29: CHARLOTTE STERLING

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY SKIP MIDDLETON



PLANE CRASH

(continued from page 64) After that the vote count shifted dramatically to George W. Bush, ultimately giving him a second term. In the end there was a 6.7% diversion—in Bush's favor—between highly professional, nationally funded exit polls and the final official vote count as tabulated by Blackwell and Connell.

Until his death, Connell remained IT supervisor for at least four Congressional committees. But on the day before the 2008 election, Connell was deposed by attorneys Cliff Arnebeck and Bob Fitrakis about his actions during the 2004 vote count and his continued involvement in IT operations for the GOP, including his access to Rove's e-mail files and the circumstances behind their disappearance.

Connell had been repeatedly threatened, according to sources close to him, to take the heat for election crimes, or there would be dire consequences—like his wife Heather going to jail for financial irregularities. On July 24, 2008, Arnebeck e-mailed U.S. Attorney General Michael Mukasey, stating: "We have been confidentially informed by a source we believe to be credible that Karl Rove has threatened Michael Connell, a principal witness we have identified in our King-Lincoln case in federal court in Columbus, Ohio." Arnebeck requested both state and federal protection for Connell. There is no record of Connell receiving any protection at all.

Connell's death came at a moment when election-protection attorneys and others appeared to be closing in on critical irregularities and illegalities. In his preelection deposition, Connell was generally evasive but did disclose key pieces of information that could ultimately prove damaging to Karl Rove and the GOP. Examining attorneys in the King-Lincoln Bronzeville Neighborhood Association's civil rights lawsuit, stemming from the 2004 election theft, were confident Connell had far more to tell.

There is widespread concern that this may be the reason he is now dead.

Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman have coauthored four books on election protection, including *As Goes Ohio* and *How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election & Is Rigging 2008*, available at **FreePress.org**, where this article first appeared. They are attorney and plaintiff in the King-Lincoln Bronzeville lawsuit, which subpoenaed and was deposing Michael Connell.

Porn Pals

PRINZZESS & ALYSSA REECE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

XXX-video sensations **Prinzzess** (the dirty blonde) and **Alyssa Reece** (the equally dirty brunette) know something about sex.

Prinzzess: "Sex should never be rushed and should never be scheduled. Sex should happen spontaneously and last as long as possible. If you're having sex and think of anything else besides your partner or getting off, then you're not doing it right."

Alyssa: "Sex is the ultimate expression of human emotions. Whether it is love or lust, sex can say what you're feeling without ever saying a word."

Prinzzess: "Every person is bisexual, but not everyone is willing to act on their true desires. Girls are better at experimentation than guys. They are more willing to follow their instincts."

Alyssa: "If you're good at oral sex, then you'll never be alone—even if you're not good-looking. I know some geeks who sure know how to eat pussy."

Prinzzess: “Porn star is the best job any girl who loves sex could ever have. Sex, money, sex and more sex. Plus money. Nothing is better.”

Alyssa: "Most girls who act like they hate me probably wish they had my looks, sex appeal and porn star life. I'm cool with that."

BY SEAN TOPHAM

Tails of the BUNNYRANCH

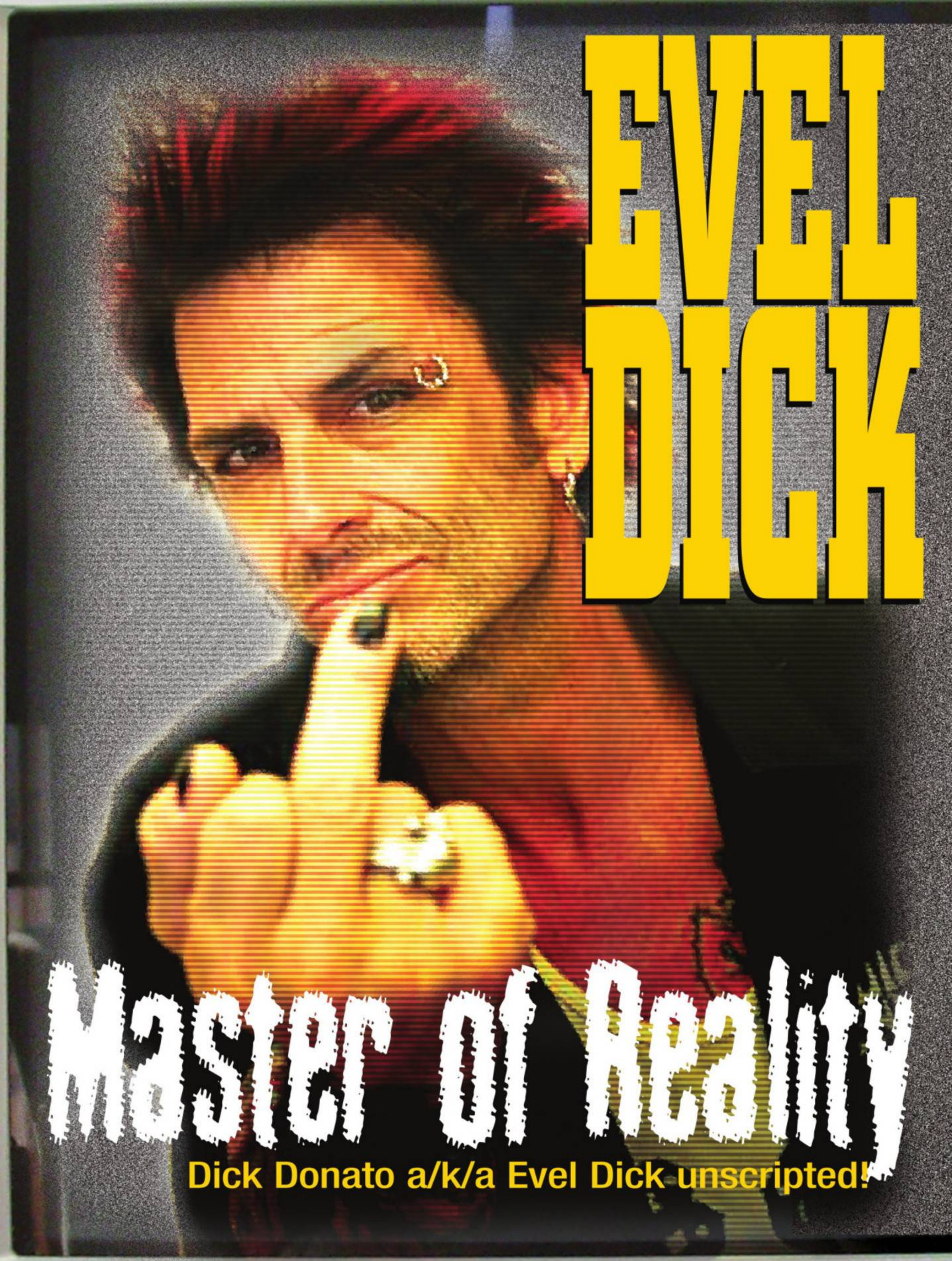
WIN-A-DATE CONTEST WINNER

"I FUCKED BROOKE TAYLOR!"

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

I had just gotten out of a rocky six-year relationship, and my buddy was trying to get me laid. One day he called me up and asked, "Hey, bro, is it cool if I sign you up for this HUSTLER contest?" It was the win-a-date contest with Brooke Taylor. I'd seen her on TV and in the magazine. She's hot. So I said, "Sure, whatever, dude." I didn't seriously think I'd win. I thought I'd just get a bunch of junk mail or something. Then a guy from HUSTLER called me up and said, "You won." I was like, "Get the fuck *(continued on page 97)*

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.


EVEL
DICK
Master of Reality
Dick Donato a/k/a Evel Dick unscripted!

REALITY TV superstar Evel Dick Donato is rude, crude and dangerous. Just like you and me. The winner of *Big Brother 8* stopped by HUSTLER to discuss what it's like taking home half a million bucks, competing with his hot, 21-year-old daughter (runner-up Daniele) and getting "platinum pussy."

HUSTLER: How has your life changed since winning the show?

EVEL DICK: Oh, my God! There are not many points that are as life-changing as what I went through and what I'm going through right now. Maybe getting a girl pregnant, getting married or someone dying, stuff like that. It's been over a year since I won, and the haters are like, "Isn't this fucking guy's 15 minutes up yet?!" The people that like me love me. The people that fucking hate me hate me!

Things are crazy. Going anywhere you haven't been before, like the Playboy Mansion, you want to see it all. My biggest bitch is that wherever I go I usually get trapped at the bar with someone talking to me or posing with me for photos. I get so much unwarranted attention. I went to Disneyland, and it took me an hour-and-a-half to get from the ticket gate to the castle. I was mobbed with fans taking pictures. I don't mind. I'm the same person I was when I walked into the [*Big Brother*] house. The difference is about 30 million people know who I am.

Have you blown the $500,000 prize?

I still have a lot of it. I bought Daniele a car. I'm paying for her school. Took her to Europe. I've been to Vegas a bunch of times.

Do you think you would have won without Daniele's presence on the show?

You take one element out and put something else in, and that changes everything. In that game someone said one false move shouldn't make the difference. I say, bullshit! In a football game it's one inch that makes the difference in winning or losing. One question that may seem insignificant at that time can get someone kicked out. With that group of people in the *Big Brother* house, if we hadn't worked together, we wouldn't have made it to the end.

Why didn't you bring Daniele to this interview?

She is so conservative, she won't even go to the parties at the Playboy Mansion. They always put her on the list just in case. Just a couple of months after the show ended, she stopped talking to me.

Why?

'Cause she's a kid. It was really over nothing. We were getting pretty close at that point. She had just broken up with some boyfriend after a couple of years. Then she started dating someone new.

Who are your fans?

They call me the first fan who ever won the show. I watched *Big Brother* for years. I think that everybody who grew up in my era with hair bands like Mötley Crüe and with the tats can relate to me. It's so mainstream now. I think it took a lot of people by surprise that CBS let me get away with what I did. This is the network of *Touched by an Angel*. That's what they are known for.

When I'm saying to one of the girls on the show, "I would rather stick my dick in a meat grinder than fuck you," all they bleeped was *dick* and *fuck*. In real life, people want to say to other people, "Go suck a dick and die." They don't, but I do.

What was your strategy during *Big Brother 8*?

When we would have these little strategy meetings, I got the girls and gay guys to think more logically. I would ask, "Personally, who do you want out of the house and, strategically, who do you want to go?" There are no two ways about it. You take the emotion out of it. Everybody says "strategically." Nobody really got what I was doing—protecting my daughter and myself.

Logically, I always have very convincing arguments. I'm a smart guy. I was much older than anybody in the house. Working in bars and nightclubs for 20-something years, you have to keep track of a hundred employees that are trying to steal from you. When you just have to keep track of the bullshit of 12 people, it's nothing compared to a nightclub full of people.

Have you had sex with any girls from the show?

Me and Bridget are very good friends. (*Laughs.*) We haven't fucked or anything. We just flirt a lot. That's it. She's really cool.

How did you come up with the nickname "Evel Dick"?

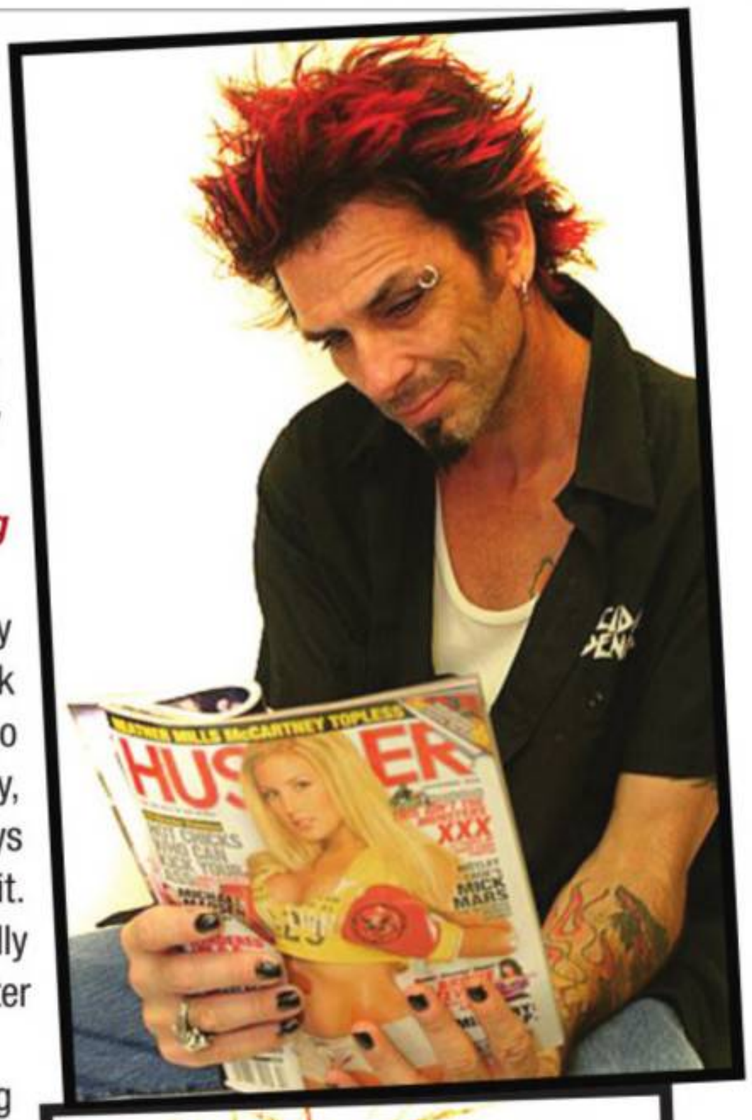
I wish I had something really cool to tell you, but I don't. The Internet. AOL. You have to come up with a screen name. The first screen name I came up with was "Tricky Dick." But when I first went online, I went into a bunch of chat rooms, and I kept getting asked, "What tricks does your dick do?" Then I remembered the song "Evil Dick" by Ice T and Bodycount. Which, by the way, Ice T offered to CBS for free, and they turned him down because the song is about his dick. Anyway, the name Evil Dick was taken. So I spelled mine E-V-E-L like Evel Knievel.

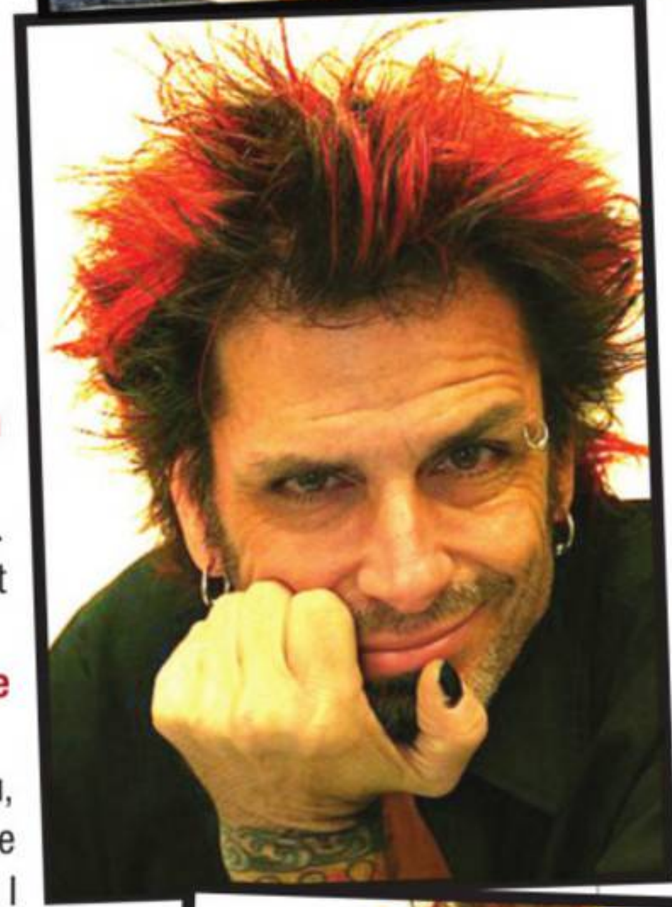
Since the daredevil died, are you now the most famous Evel?

Absolutely! I think I'm the only other Evel.

Do you ever worry that Knievel's ghost might haunt you and make you jump Snake River Canyon?

(*Laughs.*) That guy wasn't a pussy. You got to give it to him. He was like balls-out. Not like the kids today with these little motocross bikes. This motherfucker jumped that shit on a goddamn Harley-Davidson. On a steel bike! He's my hero. I watched his jumps live. I remember watching the Caesar's Palace jump. It was the first time I cursed in front of my parents. *(continued on page 106)*





PHOTOS BY DUKE HUNTER C/O THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

Photo: Eric.Guideng.com. Artist: SkinCityBodyPainting.com

Photo: Dave Proctor. Artist SkinCityBodypainting.com

Photo: Eric.Guideng.com. Artist: SkinCityBodyPainting.com

Photo: Neal Rue. Artist: Pashur House

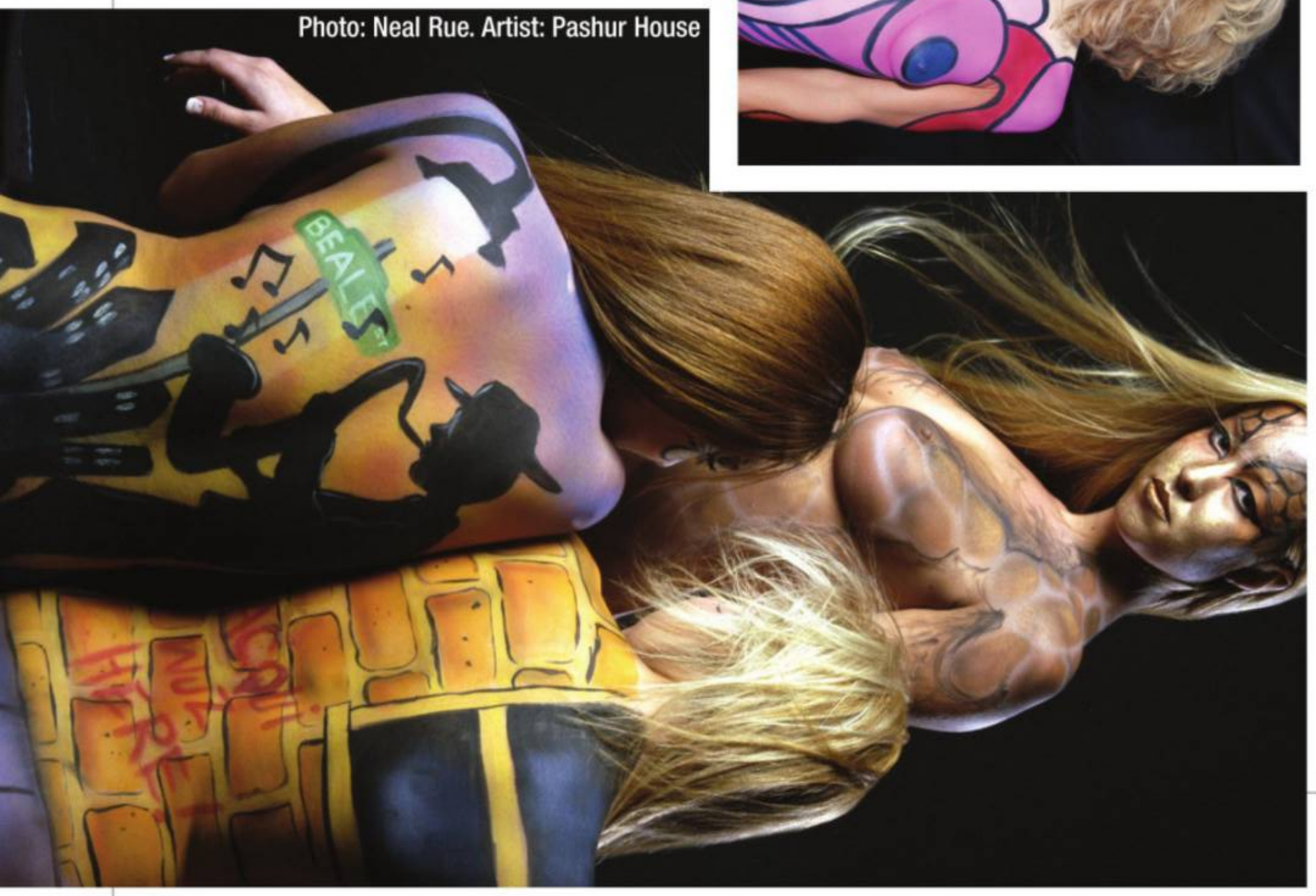


Photo: Neal Rue. Artist: Pashur House

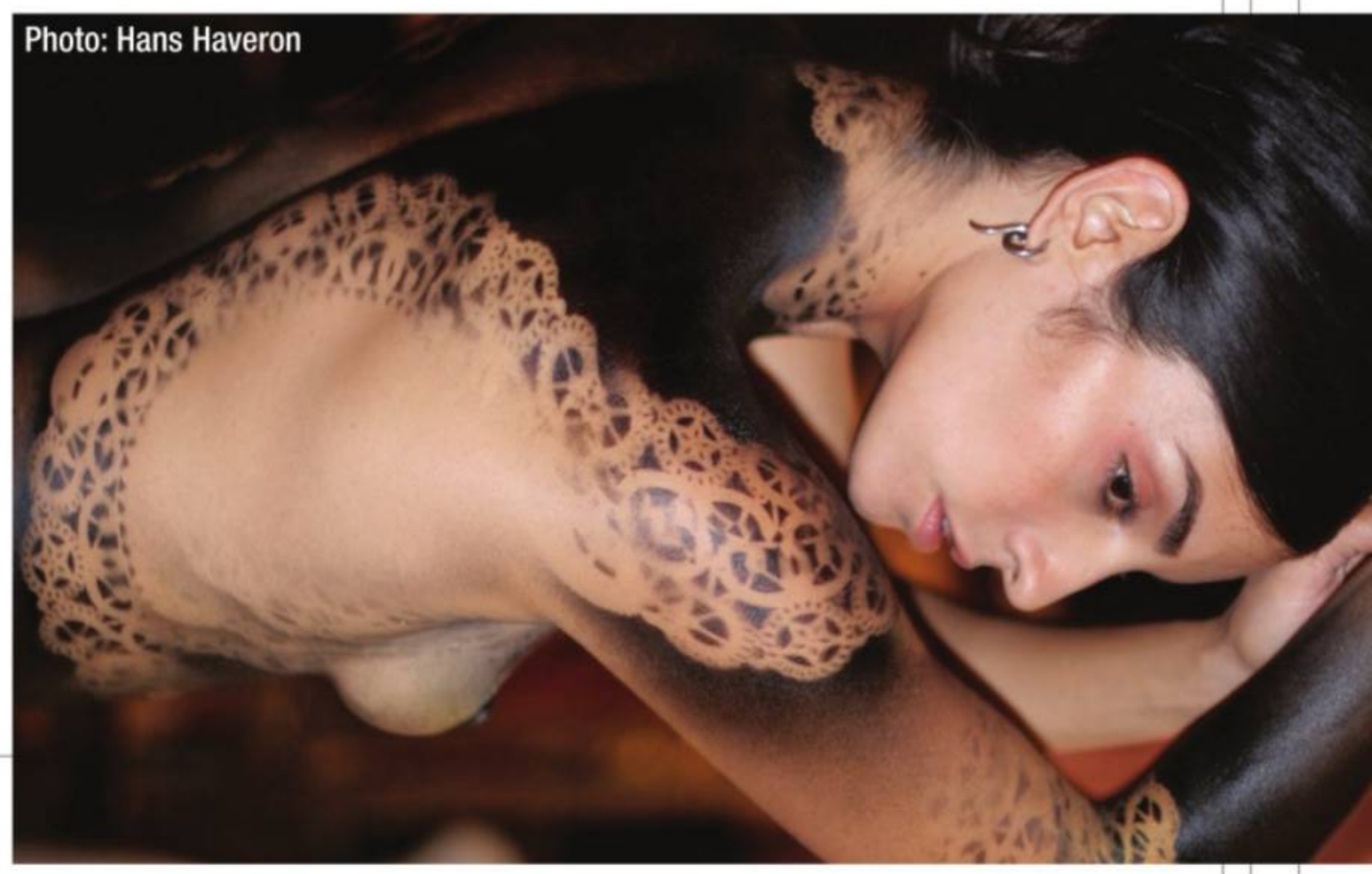


Photo: Hans Haveron

BODY PAINTING IN THE FLESH

These sexy women wear nothing but brush strokes courtesy of a select group of lucky, hands-on artists.

For many visual artists, body painting is a lucrative alternative to the chi-chi ghetto of gallery art. Pashur, an easygoing workaholic, figures he's painted about 20,000 bodies in his lifetime. "I would say that 99.8% of the time, the women love it," Pashur says. "They love the feel of getting body-painted. Some of them feel it's a turn-on. It feels good as it's happening, and it makes them feel good about themselves. It's a win-win for everybody."

Body painting is a time-consuming job for all involved. The model must remain still for long periods of time, and when an artist needs to paint a dozen or so women in football gear for a sports bar convention, that can drain everyone involved.

Oddly conflicting ordinances arbitrarily constrain the amount of flesh that can be legally bared in public places. In Las Vegas, SkinCity Body Painting's Robin B. Slonina provided a bevy of paw-adorned hotties for rapper Bow Wow, who was celebrating his 21st birthday, and his posse. "I had my models in the back hallway of the MGM Grand," Slonina recalls, "and unfortunately, the casino owner came along with the Gaming Commissioner of Nevada just at the wrong time. They refused to let these girls enter the nightclub. They were scared it would start a riot."

Body painting is a sensual endeavor, and sometimes things get wicked, as L.A.-based artist and gallery owner Hans Haveron explains: "Usually, if I'm painting under the woman's panty line, I just flip it down a little bit, paint and then flip the panty back up. I asked one model to do this as I was kneeling below her waist, but she rolled her panties down and pushed her clit right into my mouth. Whoa!"

Making a decent living as a body painter requires both remarkable talent and restraint. "Any guy would love this job," Haveron points out, "but the thing is, you can't hit on the women; you have to make them comfortable. When you do, they feel beautiful. They perform better for the client."

Body painting fans should cruise through Fantasy Fest, a two-week bacchanal held every October in Key West, Florida. Whatever local nudity laws that might otherwise be enforced are often circumvented by a coat of paint. Then there's always your friendly neighborhood swingers club. Willing to work just about anywhere, Pashur can't help but chuckle when he sees a mirror image of his handiwork on a gent's belly, like a comic strip adhering to Silly Putty. The guy simply got close enough to Pashur's model to press the design onto his own skin.

Artist Slonina has an especially fond memory: "A woman in her late 50s hired me to paint her in tiger print to surprise her husband on their 30th wedding anniversary. He was definitely surprised! They had big plans to go out that night, but they—well, let's just say they never made it out the door."

Justin Hampton is a longtime freelancer who has covered sex, music and vice for men's magazines and *High Times*. This is his first HUSTLER article, and he swears it won't be his last.

Photo: Neal Rue. Artist: Pashur House

COUGARS UNLEASHED #4:

Jade

THIS MONTH: Jade / AGE: 49 / LOCATION: Las Vegas
SEE HER AT: JadeSexyFilipina.com

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Sexual freedom. That's what was on Jade's mind when she left the Philippines more than 25 years ago to start a new life in the United States. "I'm definitely at my sexual peak," says Jade, 49. "I find myself hot and horny all the time for men or women. I can never get enough sex."

But it wasn't until reaching her late 40s that the petite brunette, who stays fit by working out three times a week and "having as much sex as possible," finally recognized her true erotic potential. "I used to think only younger women had sexual power," she recollects, "but after my first nude photo-shoot, my confidence grew. Now I know it had always been bubbling beneath the surface. It just needed a reason to break through."

That explains why Jade launched her own adult Web site, where visitors can admire the sexy Filipina sporting a hot-pink wig and schoolgirl outfit or nipple tassels and fishnet stockings in several photo galleries. Fans can also buy personalized items, including her best-seller: "gently used panties."

Meanwhile, at a certain Sin City casino, Jade tucks herself into another type of provocative attire. Our latest cougar of the month doubles as a cocktail waitress and inevitably elicits passes from the patrons. "I love getting hit on," Jade reveals. "It feels great when younger men or women try to pick me up. It's a tremendous turn-on knowing they're staring at my tits, legs and ass."

If only those strangers knew the whole story. "I'm 49," Jade acknowledges, "but I look and feel much younger. And I've started to realize when it comes to sex, I like it all. Variety is the spice of life."

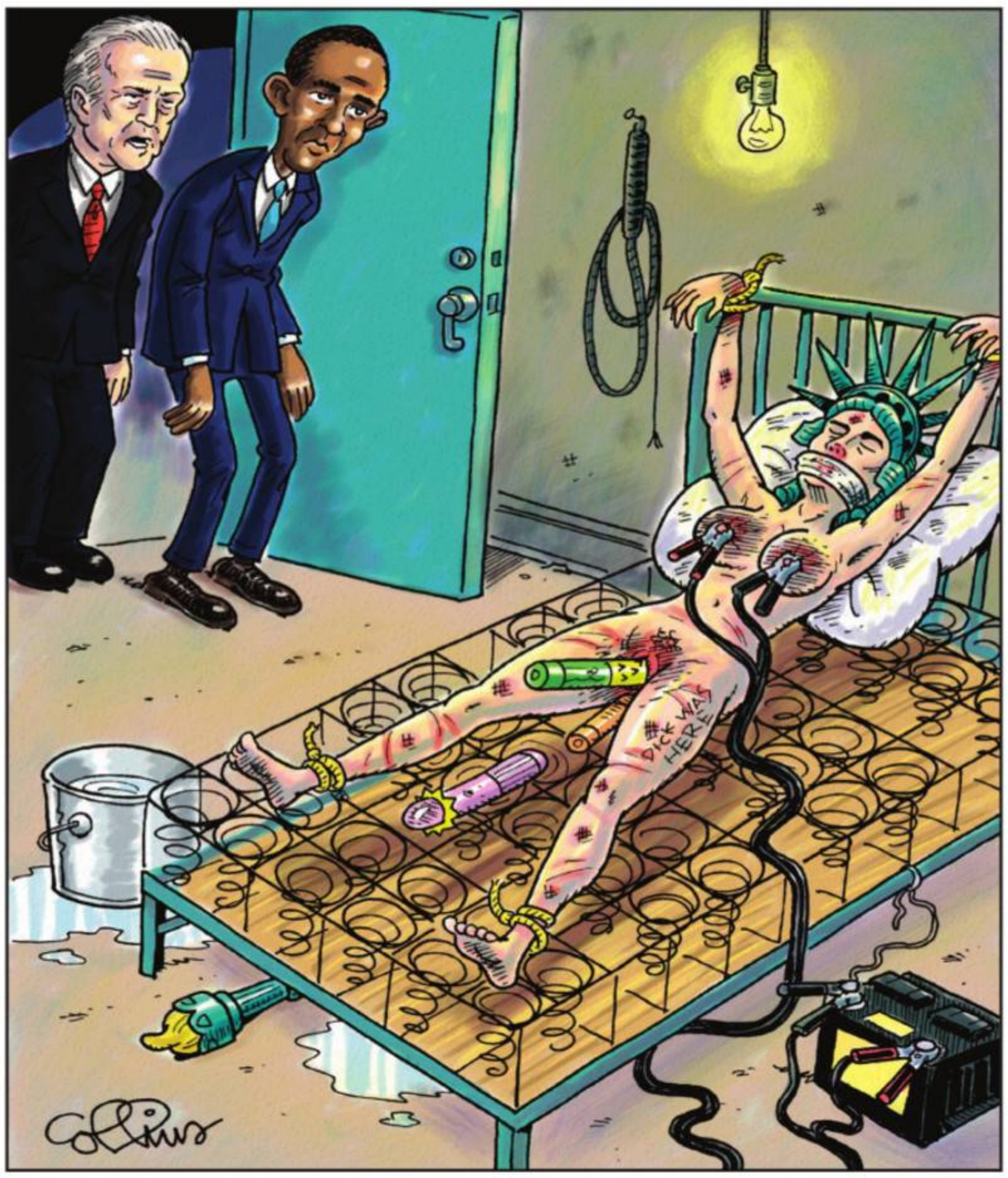
PHOTOS BY MIKE

BY ERICKA RACHELLE

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

If you are interested in being featured in our Cougars Unleashed column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to hustler@lfp.com.

"I don't care if the bottle says to call a doctor if your erection lasts more than four hours! You touch that phone, you're a dead man!"



"The transition team found her!"

(continued from page 46) tip of the party hat to **STEVE GARVEY**. Baseball's Mr. Clean got two women pregnant while he was still married to a third.

In his controversial confessional *Ball Four*, former journeyman pitcher Jim Bouton blew the whistle on the many special gestures "Baseball Annies" offer in support of their teams—much to the delight of vengeful players' wives. As recounted in *Ball Four*, the Seattle Pilots' publicity department distributed a questionnaire to Bouton and his teammates. One question was: "What's the most difficult thing about playing major-league baseball?" One player replied, "Explaining to your wife why she needs a penicillin shot."

The quantity of willing women clearly isn't an issue. But how classy are these babes? In movies, "Baseball Annies" are portrayed as both fantastic physically and mentally. (Think Kim Basinger in *The Natural*, Susan Sarandon in *Bull Durham*.) In real life, some ballplayers like **DEREK JETER** set the poontang bar as high as their cinematic counterparts. The

Ann-Margret

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe

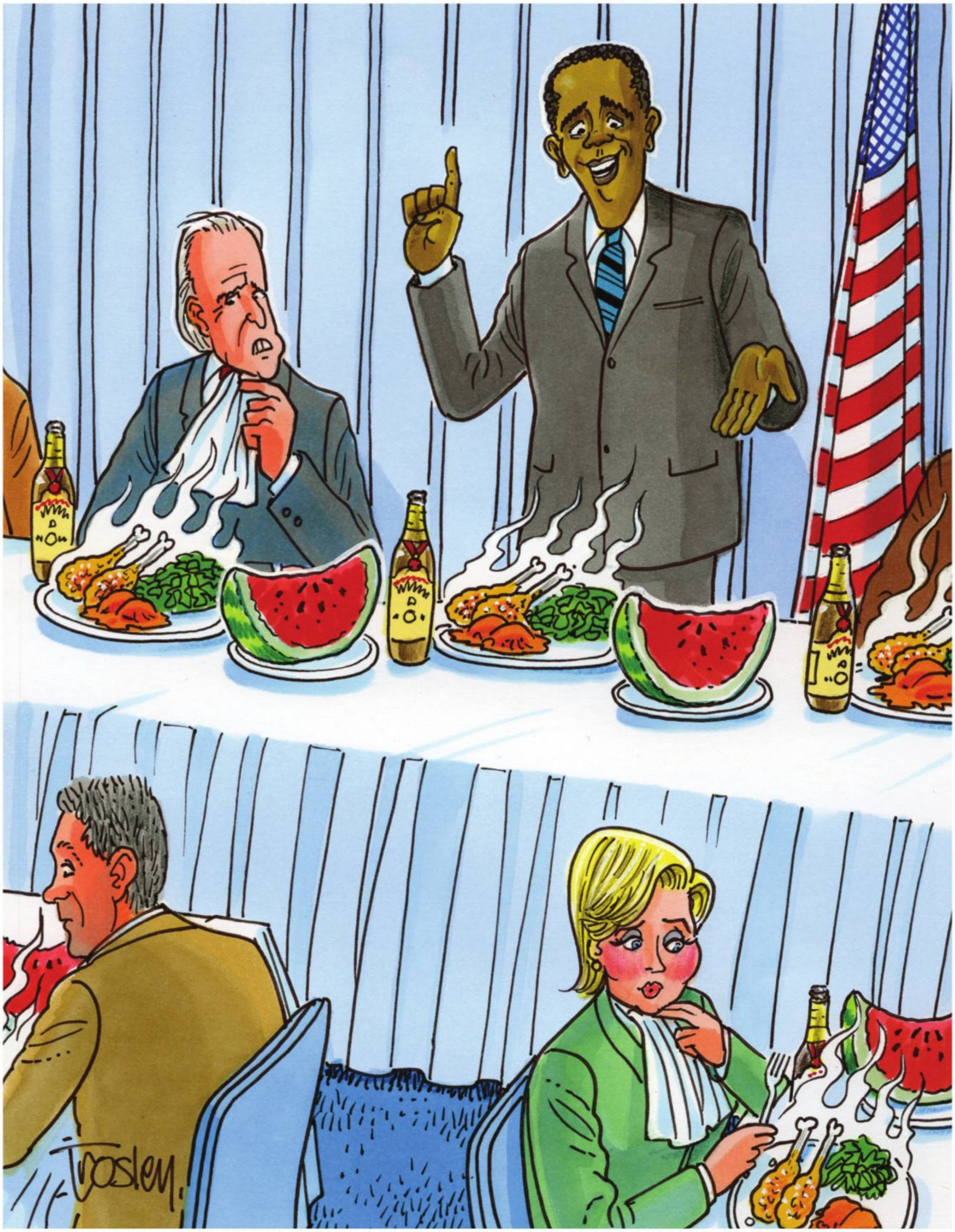
Yankee shortstop has (*ahem*) "dated" Jessica Biel, Jessica Alba, Scarlett Johansson, Mariah Carey and Gabrielle Union—and others have done even better than Jeter. There was no more famous trim than the iconic Marilyn Monroe—who, everyone knows, was at the top of Yankee legend **JOE DiMAGGIO**'s sexual résumé.

But if history proves anything, it's that "Baseball Annies" come in all shapes and sizes, from all walks of life, from movie stars to mental cases. There are too many variables to generalize. The attractiveness is in the eye of the beholder.

When three New York Mets were arrested on rape charges in 1992, teammate Darryl Strawberry eloquently came to their defense: "As disgusting as these women are, man, that's bad. It's not like these are some classy ladies. They're a bunch of pigs."

That's one jock's opinion. But I bet if you asked 'ol Walt Whitman, he'd see nothing but beauty.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan, an avid sports enthusiast, is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"Please enjoy tonight's first state dinner fare:
fried chicken, collard greens, candied yams and watermelon!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Window Dressing

VERONICA

We would love to tell you all about **Veronica**'s sexual exploits. We'd also love to let you in on all the intimate details of her sordid sex life. Like maybe the babe fucked two dudes she barely knew in the balcony of a deserted church or enjoyed another lesbian lip-lock with a stewardess. But you're out of luck. See, **Veronica** is a denizen of the Czech Republic, and in these tough economic times we can't afford to be making that many long-distance phone calls.

Sure, we could have just made up some bullshit about how **Veronica** loves to swallow cum—not only loves it, but needs to do it at least three times a day to feel fulfilled. Or how she's into donkeys. But we don't want to lie to you. That's not our style.

So with this fine model you'll have to use your imagination. You're on your own, guys. Just search through your spank bank for some steamy scenario, and you'll be good to go. Who knows? If you get really good at coming up with stroke material, maybe someday you can work at HUSTLER!

VERONICA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Kladno, Czech Republic | AGE: 30 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer

Do You Like What

xoxo,
Veronica

You See?

HUSTLER®

HONEY

MAY 2009

CALL 1-800-555-PINK

(1-800-555-7465)

CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

HUSTLER HUMOR

Three babes—a redhead, a brunette and a blonde—escaped from a prison in the boonies. After running for hours, they came across a barn and decided to hide in some potato sacks until the coast was clear.

A deputy sheriff soon arrived and began sniffing around. The deputy kicked one potato sack, and the redhead barked. Thinking there was a dog in it, he kicked the second sack, whereupon the brunette let out a loud meow.

Moving to the third sack, the deputy gave it a brisk kick, but nothing happened. After he gave it one more wallop, the blonde yelled, "I'm a bag of potatoes, goddammit! Potatoes don't talk!"

Question: What's the difference between Sarah Palin's mouth and her vagina?

Answer: Only some of the things that come out of her vagina are retarded.

Performing at the Senior Center, Claude the Hypnotist pulled a gold watch from his pocket and began to mesmerize the old farts. "This priceless antique has been in my family for six generations. It always renders me complete control over an audience. Watch the watch, folks; watch the watch. You will soon do exactly as I say."

As the watch swayed back and forth, it suddenly slipped from Claude's fingers, fell to the floor and broke into a hundred pieces. "SHIT!" the hypnotist howled.

It took three days to clean the Senior Center.

HUSTLER Wisdom: A Prius is like a tampon. Every pussy has one.

Bert really wanted to fuck his old lady one night, so he started making his moves on her. Right away, Etta stopped him in his tracks. "Sorry, baby," she cooed. "I've got a gynecologist's appointment first thing in the morning, and I want to be fresh."

Thinking quickly, Bert muttered, "Do you have a dentist's appointment too?"

Rednecks Buford and Clem were shooting the breeze on Clem's front porch when a Cadillac with three Mexicans roared by, spun out of control and went flying over the edge of a 200-foot cliff.

"That there is a damn shame!" Buford exclaimed.

"Sure is," Clem agreed. "You coulda got six or seven Mexicans in that Caddy!"

Question: Why do women have two sets of lips?

Answer: One for bitching and one for apologizing.

Question: What do you say to a busty broad with no arms or legs?

Answer: Nice tits!

Preacher Tom informed his flock that he would be moving on to a larger congregation that could pay him more. No one wanted the preacher to leave.

An auto dealer stood up and offered to provide free new cars every year for the preacher and his wife. Another businessman promised to personally double the clergyman's salary and finance the college education of his children.

Finally, Sadie Jones, aged 88, stood up and announced with a smile, "If Preacher Tom stays, I'll have sex with him!"

Embarrassed, the preacher asked, "Mrs. Jones, I'm a married man. What possessed you to say such a thing?"

As 90-year-old Mr. Jones sat next to her, the biddy replied, "Well, I just asked my husband how we could help, and he said, 'Screw the preacher!'"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Tisha M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 75) out of here!"

They flew me out to Reno. I got picked up in a double-stretch limo and rode in style to a casino, where I met Brooke Taylor and BunnyRanch boss Dennis Hof for dinner. As we ate, drank wine and shot the shit, they were totally cordial and cool. We hit it off really well. Dennis was like, "Anything you want!" He told the waiters it was my birthday, and they brought out a cake. Brooke kept mentioning how she loves to suck cock.

We took the limo back to the BunnyRanch. Before long I was wearing only a robe. After a few rounds of drinks, all the bunnies come out and took pictures with me. Dennis was like, "Do you smoke cigars?" And I said, "I do today!"

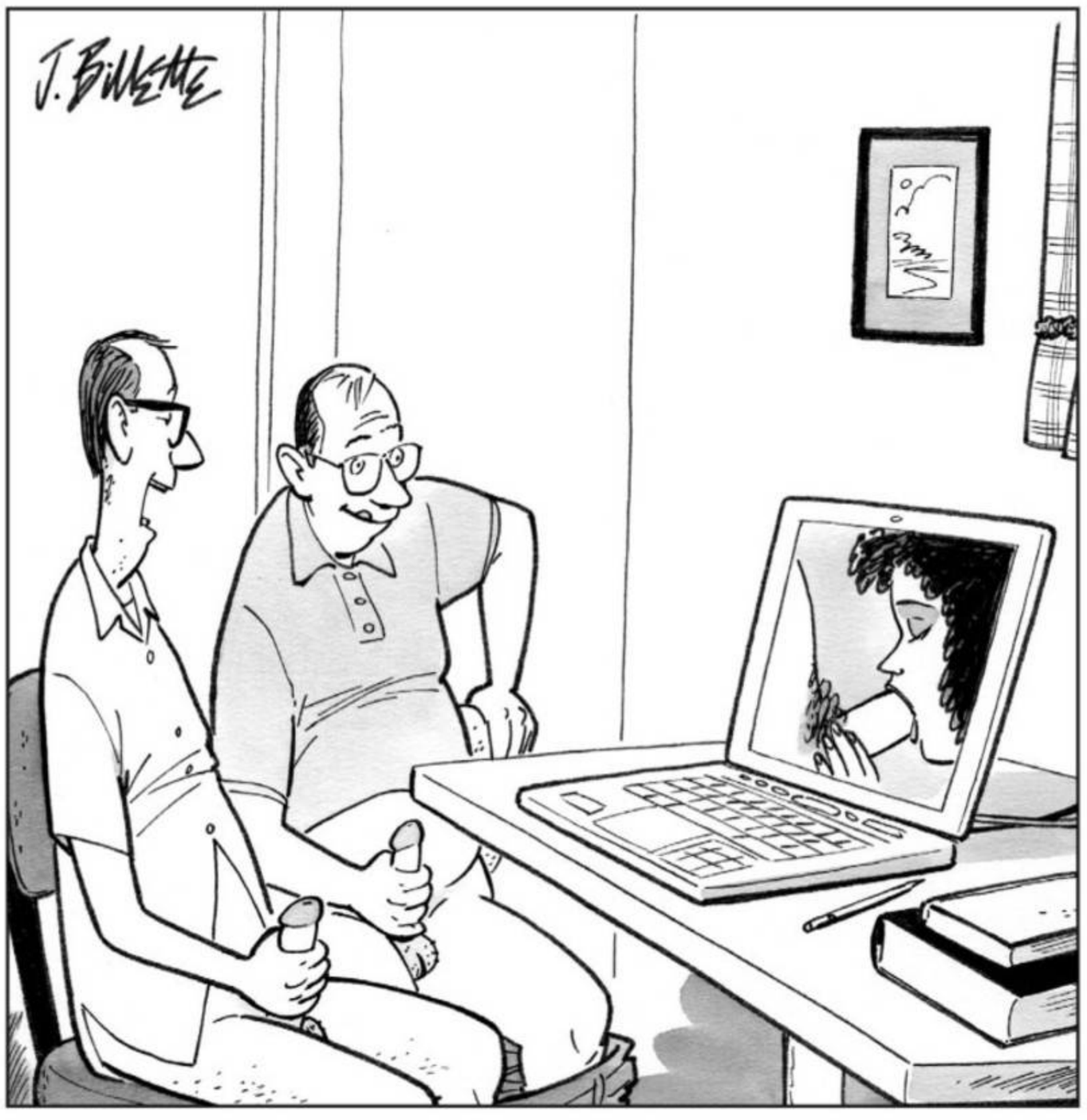
After that, Brooke took me back to her room. As soon as we got there, she went down on me, going at it like a champ. Then she wanted to get fucked, so I fucked her for a good long time. Brooke was amazing. She was really into it. You can tell when a chick is faking it, but she really was cool, made me feel totally chill. I even worked her with some vibrators and dildos. She finished me off with an awesome handjob, and it was all good.

We bullshitted for a while afterward, no rush. We exchanged numbers. She said we should get together on her next trip to L.A. I flew home, and the following morning I got a text message from Brooke: "Hey, Sean, I had a great time with you. I'm glad you were the winner, and I hope you make it home safe."

I want to thank HUSTLER Magazine and Larry Flynt for hooking me up. I had a fucking great time!

North Hollywood, California, denizen Sean Topham plays drums for Freakhouse and The Chimpz. Check out **MySpace.com/SeanTopham**, **Freakhouse.com** and **TheChimpz.com**.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.



"I've programmed very strict safeguards into my PC. They block anything that isn't porn!"

"Oh, yeah, we gots us a black man for President now, you conservative cunt! Pay up, bitch!"

SALVIA

The New Legal High

This is not your dad's marijuana.

Salvia divinorum hits your brain like a freight train about 20 seconds after you smoke it, melts your identity away like ice cream on a hot sidewalk, conjures dazzling visions, then returns you to reality in about five to 15 minutes. And here's the amazing part: It's still legal in most states!

The psychoactive herb—also called Sally D and Diviner's Sage—has been used by Mexican shamans for hundreds of years in rites of mystic divination and healing. In the U.S. it is gaining popularity as a recreational drug that is easily bought over the Internet.

TAKING A MINI-TRIP. The leafy green plant, a relative of sage and mint, is native to only one place on Earth: Mexico's Oaxacan jungle, where, it's believed, the indigenous Mazatec Indians have cultivated *salvia divinorum* for generations. Spewing almost no pollen or seeds, the plant reproduces when a branch touches the ground, whereupon an adventitious root is formed. At a later stage the connection with the parent is severed, and the new plant grows on its own. *Salvia divinorum* can also be propagated from plant cuttings.

Salvia is generally sold as dried leaves with an extract added. The leaves can be smoked, chewed or dissolved in a tea. "We sell it in three concentrations: 10x, 20x and 30x," says Chris Bennett, owner of the Urban Shaman in Vancouver, Canada. (At press time, possession and distribution of salvia was legal in British Columbia and every other Canadian province.)

Once salvia is ingested, the effect is much more like LSD than pot. Users' recollections make it sound like a very short and intense acid trip, explaining why the media—notably Dr. Phil—has generally portrayed the psychedelic as an imminent threat to the youth of America.

"Despite media horror stories, the drug is safe," Bennett insists. Nevertheless, since it's also incredibly potent, all of his salvia customers receive an instruction sheet. "We suggest you have a spotter with you," he cautions. Users should also know they will go into a strong, dreamlike state. "It's best to stay still because it can cause loss of physical control," Bennett points out. Another suggestion: Focus on a specific question, which he notes "is how it is used by shamans."

One study on salvia and depression reported a huge range of bizarre effects. Some users said it made them feel like numbers or objects. Others seemingly journeyed to "an alternate universe."

A common reaction is uncontrollable laughter. Users have also reported improved mood and a feeling of closeness to nature. According to D. M. Turner's definitive book *Salvinorin: The Psychedelic Essence of Salvia Divinorum*, other effects include remembrances of past and even childhood experiences; vivid visions of membranes, films and other two-dimensional surfaces; a feeling of merging with or becoming objects; and a sense of being in several locations at once.

"People can have profound or frightening experiences too," Bennett adds. "I find that many try it only once." Since his first salvia trip, Bennett hasn't felt the urge to take another.

Even so, he maintains, "I don't think it's the type of drug that's prone to abuse," and statistics bear him out. A survey conducted by the U.S. Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration found that 1.8 million Americans have tried salvia; on the other hand, 23 million have used LSD. Another study found that salvia's side effects include dizziness, nausea, a decreased heart rate and chills.

CHANGING LAWS. Although still generally legal in at least 25 U.S. states, an increasing number have banned the hallucinogen. (See list.) "We're not happy about what's going on with salvia," says David Borden, executive director of **StopTheDrugWar.org**. Now that the Drug Enforcement Administration is taking steps to classify or (more likely) illegalize it nationwide, Borden doubts that the DEA's findings will be

objective. "Their actions against medical marijuana make that clear," the activist asserts.

"We're concerned about the knee-jerk reaction to ban salvia," adds Randolph Hencken, communication and marketing director of the California-based Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies. "It's not a party drug. It's just too intense to be fun. It tends to be taken for spiritual use."

One important consideration is that once a substance is illegal, it is much harder for scientists to study its therapeutical potential. Salvia has been used to treat renal failure in China for 30 years, and some researchers say it may be beneficial in the treatment of depression, sleep disorders, heart disease and cocaine addiction. The aforementioned Mazatec Indians use salvia to manage headache, rheumatism, anemia and other ailments.

"There are thousands of psychoactive compounds in nature," Hencken says. Do we really want to ban them all?"

WHAT TO DO. Salvia, known as a "kappa-opioid receptor agonist" in scientific terminology, is unlike any other naturally occurring hallucinogen with respect to its effects and chemistry. For example, Salvia has no particular odor and does not show up in urinalysis because it is not chemically related to drugs that have testing protocols.

No known cases of death, accident, emergency room visits or addiction have been recorded. "There is not a lot of research on salvia, but none has shown toxicity," says Phillip S. Smith, Editor of *Drug War Chronicle*. In one very publicized case a 17-year-old from Delaware took his own life months after using salvia. The medical examiner first ruled the death a suicide by asphyxiation. Blaming salvia, the boy's mother sued his Internet supplier. Months later the medical examiner named salvia a contributing cause, and the incident led to legislation prohibiting its possession in Delaware.

"This was such an unfortunate case," Smith laments. "The boy was no longer using salvia, and he was taking a powerful anti-acne drug that has been associated with suicide."

Many states have joined the rush to judgment. With such mind-blowing effects, it was only a matter of time before the Net began showing videos of America's adolescents unable to hold their bongs or sit up while allegedly on salvia. "I've heard comments that YouTube made salvia illegal in Kansas," Smith says. Add this to the antidrug atmosphere so prevalent these days that doctors are even afraid to prescribe pain medication.

But should the government try to ban every weed that makes people high? "There are many downsides to prohibiting a drug like salvia," Borden believes. Half a million Americans are already in jail for drugs, for one. Another illegal substance would almost certainly increase that number. "Also," he warns, "you create a criminal black market that promotes crime and violence when you ban drugs."

Moreover, in Borden's opinion, prohibition removes the quality control, proper labeling and other features that make regulated drugs safe. "It's easier for kids to get pot than to get alcohol," he reasons, "because alcohol is regulated. We'd like to see regulation rather than banning."

THE PROGNOSIS FOR SANE DRUG POLICY. We can probably expect a nationwide ban on salvia. America takes pride in its opposition to recreational drugs, with the exception of substances like alcohol, nicotine and caffeine.

"The drug war is a failure, and people know it," says Hencken. "They're just afraid to change. It's understandable. With the things you see on YouTube, I wouldn't want my kid to do salvia either." But Hencken, whose "organization works to educate people on using drugs," believes it is outrageous that users can go to jail.

In addition to fear, pressure groups also perpetuate the war on drugs. According to Borden, "In California the state prison guard union has spent enormous amounts of money fighting efforts to reduce prison sentencing. There are powerful corporate forces and vested interests at work here."

Some see anti-salvia laws as an assault on religious rights. "Shamanism and paganism existed before Christianity," says vendor Bennett. He sees the drug war as an extension of Christianity's abhorrence of pagan religions, some of which use psychoactive plants in their rituals.

Will the Obama Administration change America's antidrug atmosphere? "My guess is he'll stop the raids on medical marijuana outlets," Smith predicts, "but I don't think he'll expend his power to stop the drug war. We spend so much on it, though, that cutting its budget would certainly benefit the economy."

Joseph Biden was an architect of the war on drugs and, more recently, of the draconian RAVE Act. However, the Vice President appears to have softened his stance. "He has shifted somewhat in recent years," Borden explains, "and now says he was wrong to support some of the mandatory minimum drug-sentencing laws. We still hope he won't be involved in drug policy."

Despite the positive arguments, more and more U.S. states will probably ban salvia. So should you get some while you can? This is America. Choose your poison.

The ideas expressed in this article are solely for informational and entertainment purposes. HUSTLER Magazine does not advocate or endorse the use of salvia.

Debbie Epstein, HUSTLER's Science Editor at Large, is an award-winning journalist who has written extensively for medical and consumer publications. She and her husband reside in Ringwood, New Jersey.

PEACE OF MIND: Where Is Salvia Legal?

There are no federal statutes prohibiting salvia, but an ever-increasing number of states have made possession and/or distribution of the herb illegal. So be sure you know your own state's laws. At press time the following have no laws against salvia and none pending unless otherwise noted: Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California (possession by adults is legal, but sales to minors are prohibited), Colorado, Connecticut, Hawaii, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine (illegal for minors to possess or sell), Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming. Salvia legislation is pending in: Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah, Wisconsin. Salvia is banned outright in: Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Virginia.

Quickies

The Who's Roger Daltrey

Here's the scenario. You're in a room with a legendary rock star, but you have only three minutes for an interview. What do you do? What do you do?! You get a quickie! Here's what lead singer Roger Daltrey had to say about the signature concert captured in *The Who at Kilburn, 1977* DVD and the group's original drummer.

HUSTLER: You've done so many shows at this point, what do you remember most about the Kilburn concert? And, for the most part, are all Who performances the same?

ROGER DALTREY: They're never the same. This one was different because it wasn't a real show. We were doing it for television. It was done in the afternoon on quite a hot summer's day in an empty theater in [the Kilburn area of] London that was filled with fans who were there for free. Basically, I remember it as being quite a good show. I don't know why, but back then someone vetoed it and said it wasn't good enough. I don't know who that was.

The gig turned out to be drummer Keith Moon's last filmed performance.

It was the last time he ever took to a real stage in that theater.

Moon was a real force of nature, so what was it like having him playing behind you?

It was never dull. (*Laughs.*) It could be very erratic sometimes but always entertaining and always surprising. Keith had a mathematical brain and could pull rhythms that would totally kick you where you thought you would never go. He made it work. What can you say? He was the funniest guy to watch performing. It was magical, but then again he had another side to him that was quite terrifying. (*Laughs.*)

What inspires you night after night to get onstage and keep going?

Just being part of the human race. I think music to me is the ultimate language. I feel like I'm saying this all the time—it's a cliché now—but in my opinion music is the greatest freedom we've got left. They can't take it away from us. They can't shut us up—yet! (*Laughs.*)

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

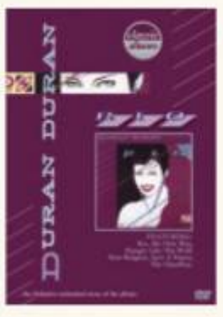
SWINGTOWN:

The First Season

We always thought that the too-hot-for-CBS wife-swapping series would have been better suited for HBO or Showtime. At least on those cable networks there could have been some skin! Nevertheless, the daring and tamely sexy drama has some genuinely good moments. The first (and we hear only) season is now on DVD.

IRON MAN

Hands down the best big-screen adaptation of a comic book, *Iron Man* is more than a film; it's a cartoon come to life! Boasting awesome special effects, jarring plot twists and a perfect performance by our generation's Brando—Robert Downey Jr.—it's a must-own DVD.



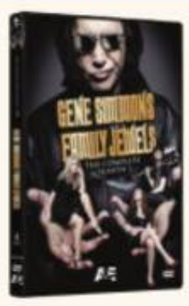
CLASSIC ALBUMS

Duran Duran: Rio

The *Classic Albums* series takes you behind the creation of recording landmarks. Now getting tribute is one of the 1980s' best releases. Besides *Rio*'s standout tunes, this DVD contains interviews with four of the Fab Five and other "Reagan Years" luminaries, notably Bob Geldof.

GENE SIMMONS FAMILY JEWELS:

The Complete Season 3



The KISS bassist has never been shy about admitting that he'll do anything for money. This may explain why the once cool demon allows himself to be portrayed as a bumbling dolt in the string of obviously fake scenarios that highlight the third season of his "reality" show. Seriously, Gene, you've got enough cash.

MR. BEAN:

The Ultimate Collection

The bulk of the master physical funnyman's BBC series is now on DVD. This laugh-packed box set features the finest silent slapstick antics since Harold Lloyd. As the inimitable Mr. Bean, Rowan Atkinson is a comic genius.

METALOCALYPSE SEASON II:

Black Fire Upon Us

Dethklok, the heaviest of the heavy death metal bands, is back in black. The second season of Adult Swim's hilarious cartoon starring the fictional group and their misadventures will have you busting a gut while banging your head.

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

COLD WAR KIDS

Loyalty to Loyalty

No sophomore slump here! CWC's follow-up to their critically acclaimed debut does not disappoint. Angst-riddled rock that will make even the most sullen hipster doofus groove. Highlights include "Golden Gate Jumpers" and "Something Is Not Right With Me."

THE VON BONDIES

Love, Hate and Then There's You

The band responsible for the catchiest TV-show theme ever (*Rescue Me*'s "C'mon C'mon") is finally back! Can't believe it's been five years since their breakthrough CD *Pawn Shoppe Heart*. Their new disc is packed with jangly, hook-filled rock 'n' roll. After all, that's what the Von Bondies do.

CUT OFF YOUR HANDS

You & I

Produced by former Suede guitarist Bernard Butler, this New Zealand quartet's debut is an epic affair. Compare it to any of your favorite British bands in the past 20 years or describe it in a word: fucking brilliant! Sorry, that was two.

U2

Under a Blood Red Sky: Deluxe Edition

"This song is not a rebel song." So said the mullet-sporting Bono on the *U2 Live* album, which everyone once owned on cassette and has now been remastered for this two-disc deluxe edition. Also on a DVD is *Live at Red Rocks: Under a Blood Red Sky*, the concert film that helped put U2 on the map.

THE BAD PLUS

For All I Care

This oddball jazz trio, best known for doing weird covers, returns with the added attraction of vocalist Wendy Lewis. On their latest opus, TBP offers strangely appealing interpretations of everyone from Nirvana to Pink Floyd to Yes and even the Bee Gees.

DAVID ARNOLD

Quantum of Solace (Soundtrack)

The "Bastard Bond" is back! The lush and driving score by David Arnold is augmented by Jack White and Alicia Keys's rendition of "Another Way to Die," which happens to be the first Bond film theme done as a duet. Oh, what do you care? You'll probably buy the CD thanks to the hot chick on the cover.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

BLIND MELON

No Rain. No Regrets.

Back after a 12-year absence brought on by the tragic death of lead singer Shannon Hoon, Blind Melon has risen like a down-home rock phoenix from the ashes. We sat down with guitarist Rogers Stevens and bassist/songwriter Brad Smith to discuss finding their new voice, learning from the past and defiling that fucking Bee Girl.

HUSTLER: How did you guys get back together?

BRAD SMITH: This guy named Travis Warren, who was in a band called Rain Fur Rent here in L.A., came to our studio through a mutual friend. He was just about to get out of his band. We were going to make some demos and try to get him a record deal. Through working with him in studio and co-writing songs, there was a chemistry that I hadn't felt since Blind Melon had broken up.

The songs that we were writing sounded a lot like Blind Melon songs. The gears just started turning. Travis would say things during the recording of the demos like: "Do you think Rogers and Glenn [BM's drummer] could play on this?" It started to flesh out the thoughts in my head that if Rogers and Glenn played on these demos, then Blind Melon was basically back together with a new singer. It got to the point a few weeks later where we asked Travis how he felt about singing Blind Melon songs, and he was super-stoked. It came together out of left field really. Travis is kind of responsible for pulling the band together.

Was there any uncertainty?

SMITH: Initially even I was unsure. I thought *let's get everyone in a room and see if we can even play our old material after all these years*. We got everyone together in Los Angeles to give Travis a shot singing old Blind Melon songs to see if it was real. I really wasn't up to starting a brand-new band and calling it something else.

If we were going to get together with the four original guys plus Travis, you have to do what is at your feet, which was play "Change" and "No Rain" and then put the new stuff on top of it so you're not just doing a nostalgia tour. We didn't want to go out and be like a Blind Melon cover band just playing the old material.

ROGERS STEVENS: In the beginning I think we were all pretty unsure about the idea. There is something about Travis and getting in a room with him that worked.

What songs have you done live?

STEVENS: It's maybe 60% old songs and the rest new. I think people for now are coming out and really want to hear the old songs, and we love playing them. Travis kills it on the old songs. People are very emotional about that stuff. They're remembering Shannon and having that experience. For me, I can't think of a better way to pay tribute to Shannon than to have a packed house singing his words at the top of their lungs.

What songs have you most enjoyed reprising?

STEVENS: I think "Change," which is a sort of signature Shannon song that goes over huge every night.

SMITH: The cool thing about picking the songs is that there has been so much time that the obvious favorites are there, like "No Rain," but also songs we've never ever played live before Travis got in the band, like "Mouthful of Cavities."

STEVENS: And people know every word to every song. There are certain songs that they sing back louder than the band. It's a huge emotional reaction.

Is there extra sensitivity toward the party lifestyle since Shannon Hoon's fatal drug overdose in 1996?

STEVENS: It's always a struggle. That's all I can say. There *(continued on page 103)*

WILLIAM KATT

Still the Greatest

Call us geeks, but most of the editors here at HUSTLER dig *The Greatest American Hero*. The man in the red suit, William Katt, stopped by to discuss the '80s series, his naked costars and his new comic book line.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

HUSTLER: How did Catastrophic Comics get off the ground?

WILLIAM KATT: I was working on the film *Gamers*, where I met Chris Folino, one of my partners in launching a comic book line. He wrote and directed that film. We got to talking. Doing comics was something I always wanted to do. I do a lot of autograph-signing shows, and I ask the fans if they would buy comics if I made them. They always say yes. So Chris and I wanted to do something that had great stories and compelling art. *Sparks* is our first book. We hope to follow it up with our next series, *Mythology Wars*.

Who is the illustrator?

This wonderful artist JM Ringuet.

Were the old DC Comics your inspiration?

Absolutely. I remember as a kid going down to the local convenience store and pulling comics off the rack. You would just sit on the floor and read them. I loved *Justice League* and all the DC Comics. We wanted to find a style that was kind of Frank Miller/*Sin City*-esque but a little bit different because we wanted to have more of a color palette.

Does *Sparks* have the same dark sense of humor as Frank Miller?

Oh, yeah. It's funny and sick. It's about a young kid with a haunted youth. There is an accident, and he acquires these powers but doesn't quite know what to do with them. He goes to work for a superhero agency, and the stories are all about people fulfilling their darkest fantasies—sex. They hunt endangered animals. They do all kinds of typically forbidden things. It's about lifting the rock to reveal the dark underbelly.

Are there plans to turn any of Catastrophic Comics' adventures into an animated series?

Not yet. Obviously comic books have become what is going on in the entertainment industry. The studios scour them to see if there's anything they can use and buy. Chris and I don't rule that out, but it's not why we made the comics. We did it because we wanted to tell stories.

Will there be a *Greatest American Hero* comic book?

We just did a deal with Stephen J. Cannell [the show's creator] for a *Greatest American Hero* comic. It will be PG to reach a broader audience. We just did a big launch at Comic-Con with Cannell and the full cast, [including] Connie Sellecca and Robert Culp, plus Dennis Madalone [the original stunt coordinator] and original director Rob Holcomb.

We also did the retailers convention in Las Vegas, and everyone is very excited about it. The first three books will be true to the two-hour pilot episode of the show. The story is truncated a bit. Then we can take it any direction we want.

Why do you think *The Greatest American Hero* became and remains so popular?

I had a long discussion with Stephen J. Cannell just the other day. He said of the 40 or more TV series he did, *Greatest American Hero* has endured longer and has had a better shelf life than any of his other shows. I think that can be attributed to the large number of fans that support the science fiction and horror genres.

Not to mention that the show was very smart and had three great actors—you, Robert Culp and Connie Sellecca—playing off each other.

Thank you. You know what I found out recently? Connie was set to only do the first episode. While looking at the fourth day of dailies, Cannell realized she was gold. The chemistry between the three of us was so fabulous that he made the deal for the series. No one expected the show to be a hit. Originally, the creators thought it was going to be a one-trick pony just written for the red suit: This guy who has the suit but no powers. The suit has the power. Cannell said they decided they were going to write a character-based comedy and that they were going to write an update of *The Odd Couple*. Once they decided what is was going to be, he said it was easy to write.

Has there ever been talk of reviving the show?

Brandon Tartikoff, who was head of NBC in the 1980s [*GAH* aired on ABC], called me two years after we went off the air. It was doing so well in syndication that Brandon called me and said, "Bill, we want to put it back on the air, please." At the time I was doing the *Perry Mason* TV movies [on NBC].

If asked today, would you do it?

Omigod! Oh, yeah! But I mean I would have to play a different character. We would have to hand the suit over. *(continued on page 103)*

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

WHITE ZOMBIE
Let Sleeping Corpses Lie
Four CDs of Zombie! Everything you need from Rob Zombie's groundbreaking band is here. You get the earliest demos, rough tracks, B-sides, familiar tunes like "More Human Than Human," not to mention a ton of cool photos and liner notes.

THE BIRD AND THE BEE
Ray Guns Are Not Just the Future
This dynamic duo blends smooth sounds and catchy rhythms into captivating, pleasant songs. But pleasant doesn't mean it's wimpy, lifeless muzak. *Ray Guns* is the perfect CD for that Sunday morning when you wake up with a bit of a hangover and a naked hottie whose name you don't know.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Repo! The Genetic Opera (Soundtrack)
What the fuck is this?! The soundtrack to a futuristic opera about genetic modification, but get this: It features the singing talents of Paul Sorvino, Paris Hilton, Ogre from Skinny Puppy, classical diva Sarah Brightman and *Spy Kids* actress Alexa Vega. Seriously, WTF?! We don't know what it is or why it is, but we kinda like it.

THE CURE
4:13 Dream
Robert Smith and his merry band of gothsters rock along in their umpteenth studio album. What's surprising is that while most groups sound tired this late in their run, the Cure have delivered yet another great CD packed with energy and solid songs.

SUPERSUCKERS
Get It Together!
There ain't no party like a Supersuckers party! Take it from us: Every one of their CDs is a grooving good time. Once again, Eddie Spaghetti is your host as he and his wordy buds rev it up to 11 for the most fun CD imaginable—unless you already own other Supersuckers albums.

PAVEMENT
Brighten the Corners: Nicene Creedence Edition
The indie rock gods' most accessible album gets the full monty with a two-disc expanded deluxe edition. You can't help but sing along with tracks like "Stereo" and "Shady Lane." We dare you to try. "High ho, silver, ride!" By the way, aren't these guys overdue for a reunion?

WILLIAM KATT

continued from page 102

Stephen J. Cannell is doing a big feature-film version. I think I'll do a cameo—maybe play a vendor selling lemonade or something. Fans like to see that.

While working on *The Greatest American Hero*, did you ever see Connie Sellecca naked?

(*Laughs.*) Dang it, no!

How about Robert Culp?

Unfortunately, yes.

Do you have any freaky fan stories?

I had a fan once, a gal that was stalking me. She ran into me on a freeway off-ramp. She hit me with her car to stop me and talk to me. This was before TMZ.

Did you ever seduce a woman while wearing your *Hero* suit?

(*Laughs.*) Knowing me, I must have.

Do you have one now?

I did not own a version of the suit until recently. I did the TV Land Awards, and they made a supersuit, which they gave to me afterwards. So I do have a supersuit, but it's not the original one.

Do you ever wear yours in public?

No, I just wear it at night around the house.

Do you believe in extraterrestrials?

I do. I've always been intrigued by Area 51 and the whole government coverup with the alien race. It's never really been answered satisfactorily to me.

Your acting credits include two of the greatest horror movies of all time. What are some of your standout memories from *Carrie* and *House*?

Carrie was fantastic. What I remember most about working on that film was John Travolta during the prom sequence. He would give us all tap dancing lessons. He was a great guy. I remember that and there were so many good-looking girls. Every day was like waking up to go and visit heaven.

And *House*?

Not as many good-looking girls—just George Wendt. I didn't see him naked, thank God.

Are you amazed that people still think of you as The Greatest American Hero?

I was really lucky. I had been a real prick in my early life as an actor. I have had an opportunity in the last ten years and will for the rest of my life to try and pay homage to Stephen J. Cannell and a lot of the wonderful people that were associated with the show and say thanks to my fans that still remember me. I'm thankful for that. ■

BLIND MELON

continued from page 101

are things that are different and things that are exactly the same. If you deal with people who gravitate toward being in a band, they tend to be naturally unhinged anyway. You kind of have to be.

Have you guys learned from your past mistakes?

STEVENS: Yes.

SMITH: Sometimes you make them again anyway.

STEVENS: We're aware of what our mistakes were, and it's a constant check.

SMITH: We were psychos in our mid-20s. I have the same feelings about the first time out as Blind Melon that most people feel about high school. Everyone remembers the bad decisions they made in their high school years. I feel that way about my 20s. I'm sure when I'm 45, I'll feel the same way. If you're in a band that's played over 300 shows and seen the best and worst that this industry can offer, you're bound to have some regrets.

The Bee Girl from the cover of your debut CD and video became sort of a celebrity, much to the annoyance of the band. Is it true that Hoon once pissed on a roadie dressed like her onstage?

SMITH: That's a cross of stories.

STEVENS: There was urine.

SMITH: You left out the sex. Shannon humped the Bee Girl!

STEVENS: That story isn't true. Shannon got in trouble here and there for various things.

SMITH: No, it did happen! His name was Jose; he was Lenny Kravitz's guitar tech. He dressed up like the Bee Girl and came out. Shannon tackled him and acted like he was humping him. It was a total disaster. He defiled the Bee Girl.

STEVENS: We've had people pull that prank on us before. Chris Farley did it when we were on *Saturday Night Live*. He just looked great in the costume.

SMITH: People come to our shows dressed like that.

STEVENS: We just did a festival in Florida, and there were four or five bee people out there in the audience. Strange. The Bee Girl became this iconic image.

SMITH: The Bee Girl turned into its own thing that in our minds was separate from the band. It got in people's heads.

STEVENS: She was on Jay Leno, and we weren't. That's when you know something is wrong.

A sleeping kid adorns the cover of your new CD, *For My Friends*. Are you worried that "Narcoleptic Boy" will steal focus?

SMITH: Everybody is going to show up and fall sleep at our shows. (*Laughs.*)

STEVENS: We actually donate a portion of the proceeds to narcoleptic charities and foundations. (*Laughs.*)

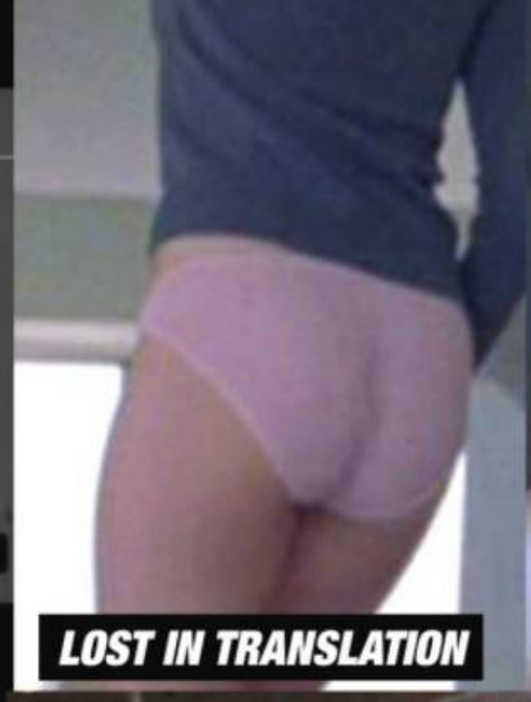
MOVIE Mammaries

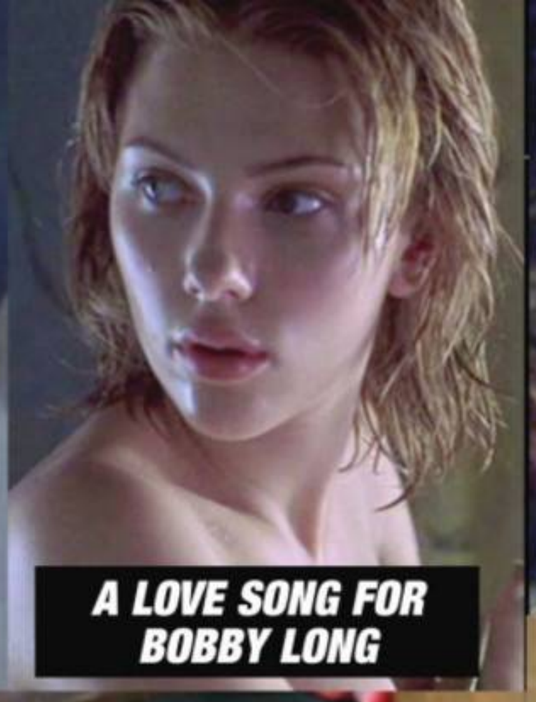
SCARLETT JOHANSSON: LUST IN TRANSLATION

Look up *sultry* in a dictionary, and you'll find a photo of **Scarlett Johansson**. Not really. But, man, would that sell a lot of dictionaries! The porcelain-skinned thespian is one of mainstream cinema's sexiest figures.

In the indie hit *Lost in Translation* (2003), Miss S plays a Lolita-esque newlywed tempting a lovable letch (**Bill Murray**). Thankfully, she spends a healthy portion of that movie prancing around in sheer panties. Let's hear it for art films! *A Love Song for Bobby Long* (2004) will get you humming. It's highlighted by the puffy-lipped princess dripping wet and wearing nothing more than a towel and a smile. Next, *The Perfect Score* (2004) features a tantalizing nonnude scene: an under-the-table crotch shot. Scarlett's cherry-patterned panties look good enough to eat.

Our favorite flick in Johansson's stellar résumé is *A Good Woman* (2004) because it serves up her only (at least so far) total boob burst-out. The "accidental" peek will make you appreciate Scarlett's "true talents" all over again. Another noteworthy offering is *The Island* (2005). During a steamy simulated sex scene there's a whole lot of the leading lady's side boobage to be enjoyed. *Match Point* (2005) is a drama about tennis. Yikes! The only good parts are several trysts that show exactly how flexible Johansson can be. Game. Set. Match. Need more? Check out *Scoop* (2006) to see the foxy female getting wet in a form-fitting red bathing suit. Read our lips: *form-fitting!*





Rent These NOW!

Viewing *The Black Dahlia* (2006), we once again get to glare at her perfect body, but this time she seductively cavorts in vintage lingerie. Scarlett's final flash of near-nipple nirvana came in *The Other Boleyn Girl* (2008). This period piece would be impossible to watch if not for the abundance of her awesome cleavage and costar **Natalie Portman**'s. We hope that sometime in the immediate future, Scarlett Johansson will finally toss all her inhibitions to the wind and dish out some full-frontal nudity. Get naked, please!

NANCY ALLEN: BLOW-OUT BOOBS!

Nancy Allen is a textbook example of how dating a director can be both good and bad for an actress's career. While involved romantically with **Brian De Palma**, the bosomy vixen enjoyed a short yet impressive run of flesh-baring performances. Allen literally burst onto the silver screen through a sea of boobs in the horror classic *Carrie* (1976). Making her film debut, the ingenue was front and center as the sarcastic smartass in a tit-filled shower scene. Her acting (and/or package) must have hit the right chord, because director De Palma soon proposed, and the two were wed.

Allen's second "breast" appearance came when costarring in hubby's erotic thriller *Dressed to Kill* (1980). Cast as a hooker in distress, the bodacious babe spends the bulk of her screen time in lacy black lingerie that is easily removed to reveal her splendid rack. Nancy's knockers popped out for their final moment of skinematic glory in her soon-to-be-ex's opus *Blow Out* (1981), which also starred **John Travolta**. Look for Nancy topless in a photo used during a critical scene. After *Blow Out*, things dried up both on and off the screen for the then-thirtysomething. Allen's marriage to De Palma ended in a bitter divorce, and she was not seen in movies for several years.

Nancy made a brief comeback as a menacing MILF stripped to her underwear in *Out of Sight* (1998) before dropping completely out of sight and out of the public eye. As you know, out of sight, out of mind. At least we have three tit-tastic flicks to remember her by.

Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress or famous female you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

"You did that out of spite, Emma-Sue! You knew I was sweet on that one!"

"Every Sunday I'm so tempted to tell the congregation that it's all bullshit...but I'm in too deep now."

(continued from page 77) I said, "Fuck" or something, and I didn't get in trouble. I was shocked.

Why?

Because my mom was all about church. She's an ordained minister.

Is your mom bothered that her son is known as Evel Dick?

She loves me like any mom loves her son, but my viewpoints are very different than hers, and she understands that I'm an atheist and very vocal about it. I think that religion has caused more strife and hardship, more atrocities on this planet, than anything else. Maybe more than everything else combined. It's what men have used to control people from the beginning of time.

What could be more scary than "the lake of fire," where you're gonna just burn. It's either that, or you're going to go to a place that's so beautiful, the streets are paved with gold. It's all bullshit. The church has always been about money. Everybody knows we are in the Middle East because of goddamn money and oil, and nobody gives a fuck.

How has the pussy improved since being a *Big Brother 8* contestant?

My friend DJ Ashba from Nikki Sixx's band Sixx: A.M. says there are different levels of pussy. There's rock star pussy, gold album pussy and platinum pussy. For me, since the show, it's been platinum pussy time!

Do chicks just throw themselves at you?

Girls just walk up. I was hanging in Vegas with Crazy James from *Big Brother 9*. You know the guy with the pink mohawk? We were at the Rehab club at the Hard Rock, and he was so drunk, it was like he was doing this circus juggling act just to stay on his feet. He was stumbling around and would just grab a girl and start kissing her. I'm just kicking back. He said, "You don't chase it?" I have enough girls coming up to me, I don't need to go and hunt anybody down. The ones that I'm interested in, I'll always get their attention.

Are you the most famous reality TV star in history?

No. I would say Hatch [Richard Hatch from *Survivor: Season One*], followed by Amber and Rob or "Romber"—whatever the fuck they call them. CBS rode them hard and long like a five-dollar whore. As a reality star, you can do the Omarosa/Jonny Fairplay track. You either do that, or you do something completely different that nobody has ever done before. For reality stars, there is no beaten path.

What are you working on now?

I'm doing my own reality show called *Evel Dick Behind Bars*. I'm fucking stoked! It's like the TV show *Hell's Kitchen* except for bars. I've been managing bars and clubs my whole life. The show is me going in there and blowing everybody out, pissing everybody off, firing the people that need to be fired. It's going to be awesome!

CELEB FLESH FAMOUS

HILARY DUFF'S STUFF

For a lot of years we have lusted after Disney-darling-turned-pop-princess **Hilary Duff**. Well, maybe not a long time. That would be sick. Just since the tempting Texan turned 18. Now that Hilary is finally *all* grown up (she's 21), our leering is completely legal. The star of such mainstream drivel as *Lizzie McGuire*, *Agent Cody Banks* and *Cheaper by the Dozen* recently surprised moviegoers by portraying a sexed-up pop star in *War, Inc.* We only hope this is a sign of things to come.

In the meantime, our lucky lensman captured Hilary at a Los Angeles-area pet store. Thankfully, donning a bra was not on her to-do list for the day. While the dazzling blonde was picking up some high-end items for her dog, you can clearly see a pair of protruding nipples just yelping for the public's attention. How great is it that at the same time Ms. Duff was buying treats for her precious pooch, she gave us one as well?

Got any photos of superbly matured yet barely legal big-named babes showing off their perfect parts? Man, do we love presenting them here. Please let us know what juicy stuff *you've* got. We just might buy and publish your pics. Fire off an e-mail to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

She's a Maneater

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "MANEATER" BY HALL & OATES

She wants to go out at night.
Her body is super tight.
Complaining you never take her anywhere.
Bitching and moaning.
Why spend the cash when you can fuck her on the floor?

She wants you to pay, you see.
But you know the bitch will give it for free.
The woman is wild; she needs it just as much as you.
Throw money at her.
Get in there quick, then split out for the bar.

Oh, here she goes.
Watch out, boy, you'll blow your load!
Oh, here she comes.
She loves man-meat, yeah.
Oh, here she goes.
Watch out, boy, you'll blow your load!
Oh, down she goes.
She loves man-meat, yeah.

Just give her a faceful of goo.
Even if it's something she says she won't do.
She's deadly, man, and she could really rip your world apart.
Cover her with your batter.
The beauty is there, but a beast is in the twat.

Oh, here she comes.
Watch out, boy, she'll chew you up!
Oh, here she goes.
She loves man-meat, yeah!

RENAE CRUZ & CHARLES DERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

BY REID WRIGHT

Flashpoint

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

In response to bloodshed in their own community, many **University of Idaho** students are demanding the right to bear arms—on school property.

The warning signs were evident. Acting paranoid and confrontational, John Delling lurked around his University of Idaho dormitory. Residents accused him of stalking women and listening to their conversations through doors.

Delling once lived in the same dorm as Garrett Holbrook, who recalls, "He'd say the most disturbing things. He was telling me that people were stealing his powers."

School officials moved Delling from dorm to dorm, eventually expelling him from campus altogether. No one thought much more about him until March 31, 2007, when UI student David Boss was found dead in his apartment with two .38-caliber gunshot wounds to the head.

Baker has advocated a bill in the Idaho state legislature that would allow students with permits to carry concealed weapons on campus. He argues that the university's rules against concealed weapons are an infringement of the national and state constitutions. "Citizens have the right to bear arms with reasonable restrictions," Baker avows. "Nowhere does it say the university has that authority."

"Schools are no place for guns," declares Heidi Rew, a political science major. "Is it really best to think the worst of people?" Rew also notes that she has seen students when they are drunk, and "if they had had a gun, I can't imagine what they would've done."

"We need the tools to better our odds of survival," says UI senior Al Baker.

John Delling was charged with the homicide of Boss, then later with that of Bradley Morris, a Boise State University student. Also, Arizona police named Delling as a suspect in the nonfatal shooting of Jacob Thompson. (As of this writing, Delling has still been classified as mentally unfit to stand trial.)

Just two weeks after Boss was murdered, Seung-Hui Cho gunned down 32 people at Virginia Tech before committing suicide. Although taking place half a continent away, the incident heightened fears already palpable at UI and surrounding Moscow, Idaho.

The lingering memories of violence near and far have prompted many UI students to take matters into their own hands. In one of the most gun-friendly states in the nation, some students find the solution obvious. "We need the tools to better our odds of survival," says UI senior Al Baker. He adds that school shootings are usually over and done with long before law enforcement has time to respond.

The bill was set aside, but some expect to see it again.

It's questionable whether UI's firearms policy is effective. While students and staff can be punished for carrying a concealed weapon on campus, outsiders carrying a gun with a permit can only be asked to leave—and face trespassing charges if they don't.

Rules may not be enough, as concealed weapons are difficult to detect on an open campus. Baker believes some students carry firearms anyway.

Just because a student has a gun does not always mean they are safe. Two months after Delling's arrest, lightning struck Moscow a second time. Jason Hamilton, 36, opened fire on the Latah County courthouse with a high-powered rifle, peppering it with bullets. When lawmen responded, he took aim at them.

UI student Pete Husmann was watching *Die Hard* at home when he heard the shots. He grabbed his .45-caliber handgun and rushed toward the maelstrom. By this time, Hamilton had taken up a sniper's position inside a church window. Husmann was hit with four slugs before he even saw the shooter.

When the smoke cleared, Husmann survived, but three others were dead: police officer Lee Newbill, a church caretaker and Hamilton, who'd taken his own life sometime after the standoff.

Baker acknowledges Husmann's tactical error in approaching a shooter armed with a longer-ranged weapon. However, he points out that Newbill—a highly trained lawman—had done the same thing with, in his case, fatal consequences.

Lieutenant Dave Lehmitz of the Moscow Police Department says that in a rampage similar to Jason Hamilton's, students with firearms would make target discrimination difficult for police. Armed students also run the risk of accidentally shooting innocents. "A person with a firearm is responsible for every round," Lehmitz adds. "Is the person willing to take on that responsibility?"

Law-enforcement tactics for campus crises have evolved over the years. Responding to the 1999 Columbine High School killing spree, police surrounded the building and set up a perimeter—focusing on containment, similar to a hostage situation. Now officers are determined to neutralize the shooter or shooters.

Meanwhile, UI's security protocol has also evolved but is still a work in progress. As Nancy Spink, risk management officer, explains, "We make every effort on a regular basis to update our plans."

Besides hiring a new emergency services officer and posting active-shooter defense training videos online, UI is now able to instantly alert students via voice mail, text messages and e-mails.

However, Baker believes the university's efforts are insufficient. "Feeling safe and being safe are different things," he warns. "Given the current situation, we're going to see carnage. It'll be an uncontested massacre."

Reid Wright is a University of Idaho graduate student majoring in journalism and a regular contributor to the student newspaper, *The Argonaut*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Katrina Lee: University of Buffalo

"I may be a workaholic," reckons this immodest graduate student, "but I have fun too." *Warcraft* video games, cooking and nude checkers are three of Katrina Lee's kicks, and now the 26-year-old has added a HUSTLER showcase. "I met Ron Jeremy while I was waitressing at a strip club," the Upstate New Yorker recalls, "and he told me I should get in the business. It took a few years, but I finally had someone special shoot some pictures."

But don't expect to find Katrina, who's pursuing a master's degree in social work, cavorting in the buff as a brass-poler or porn star. "A lot of dancers were foster kids," she acknowledges. "I want to help find them jobs and places to live, get scholarships to college and provide counseling."

In the meantime, Katrina has a lot on her plate: "I'm a true entrepreneur. I own a few Kats Meow boutiques that offer dancer outfits I've designed and made myself. I also try out every sex toy I can, and I love pleasuring women with them during home parties. Call me a traveling peddler of smut."

Let's also call the 5-foot-7 dish daring. "As an undergrad I had a quickie standing up in an elevator at UB," Katrina fesses up. "Now I'd love to have doggy-style sex—that's my fave—in a library carrel, but it may be hard to keep quiet."

Katrina Lee stacks up quite nicely.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*It's official: Naomi Cruise is **Jerk Off Material**.*

Jerk Off Material

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: CLAIRE DAMES, CHAYSE EVANS, NAOMI CRUISE, KRISTINA ROSE, VIRGINIA WANT, RANE REVERE, RUCCA PAGE, SEAN MICHAELS, JAMES DEEN, MARK HASH, MARK ZANE, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER, TIM VON SWINE, TONE CAPONE, LEFTY LARUE, SUAVE XXX & MIKE JOHN.

How's that for a no-bullshit title? Busty Claire Dames kicks off the party with Sean Michaels's mile-long black dong in her ass, setting the pole high for this double-disc strokefest. The women are all genuine, curvy lookers we haven't seen too much of, making for some fine discoveries: i.e., lovely Latina Virginia Want, luscious, dirty-blond semen sponge Rucca Page, and sweet, dark cum-sucker Rane Revere. You may wonder how nice-looking broads like these ended up getting doused with beer and gang-banged in front of a camera. Divorce? Layoff? Or maybe you'll just wonder why the cameraman let so much hairy beergut hang into the POV shot? Director Mike John drags in his usual bunch of skeezy buddies to hammer the gorgeous girls—the result being a sausage surplus. But don't worry, there's enough gung-ho femme-flesh to go around. Kristina Rose gets the eager beaver award, acting like she got into porn just to fuck James Deen. Ain't love beautiful? Don't expect experiments, but do expect hole-plugging, face-glazing smut done right. The director even makes sure to tell each lady: "Baby, you are prime jerk-off material!" A pickup line is born. ***—M.J.***

*Claire Dames is a hot contender at the annual **Jerk Off**.*

Material girl Chayse Evans gets spoiled.

The dream match: Sasha and ***Stoya****.*

Joined at the head? ***Sexy Hot*** *Love twins give double penetration a new meaning.*

Stoya, enough said.

Annette Schwarz plays a ***Sexy*** *sock puppet.*

Stoya Sexy Hot

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: STOYA, SASHA GREY, DANA DeARMOND, DAKODA BROOKES, ANNETTE SCHWARZ, LACEY AND LYNDSEY LOVE, RAMON NOMAR, MICK BLUE, JOHNNY SINS & TOMMY GUNN.

That's right, Stoya and Sasha Grey in the same fuck flick—and the same scene! That sells it for us, but Digital Playground also saw fit to pack this shimmering Stoya showcase with even more perks: HUSTLER model Dakoda Brookes, the Love twins (sporting that pigtailed, eternal-teen look, even though they're already 25) and the always-whacked-out Annette Schwarz. With her slender, natural body, sincere-looking smile and relaxed presence, Stoya effortlessly seduces the camera in every scene. She's got the kind of subtle beauty that's more hypnotic than voracious, and she fucks with class and self-confidence. *Sexy Hot* delivers a long-awaited pairing of Stoya and alt-porn sensation Dana DeArmond (who handles the picture's anal requirements). But as we mentioned, Stoya and Sasha are the dream match. For once, the hottest moments may be the makeout session before the fucking even begins. The finale ends with a cum-swapping coda that fades out way too fast! That's Stoya for ya: Always leaving them wanting more. ***—M.J.***

Monica Mattos, Suzana Rios (below left) and Raissa Prado (below right) conduct an in-depth probe of ***Latina Assploitation.***

Latina Assploitation

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MONICA MATTOS, SUZANA RIOS, RAISSA PRADO, ANNY CASTRO, BELLA MOLINA, KLAUS TELES, WILLIAM CARIOCA, IGOR SUMMERS, ANDRE GARCIA & CARLOS BAZUCA.

Pop mythology has it that Latinas are particularly good at taking it up the ol' "virgin's detour." This disc sets out to offer some solid proof—with porn stars! Okay, it's a skewed study, but you won't argue with the physical evidence: five south-of-the-border sizzlers with sizable poles rammed in their little *culos*. *Latina Assploitation* is a cut above thanks to Brazilian imports Monica Mattos and a near-blond Raissa Prado. (Apparently she lightened up her hair to stand out in this one.) Although the performances are relatively low-key, there's plenty of authentic grimacing and moans of "aieee" to keep things cumworthy. And did we mention big dicks in tight asses? Let's be honest, the economy's too shaky for you to splurge on a trip to Brazil or even on the local undocumented hooker. Welcome to the next best thing. ***—M.J.***

Tori Black and Ashley Blue (right) head on down to ***Sugar Town.***

Jada Fire sets ***Sugar Town*** *ablaze.*

Sugar Town

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: DAVE NAZ. STARRING: BRITNEY STEVENS, ASHLEY BLUE, WHITNEY STEVENS, TORI BLACK, JADA FIRE, TYLER KNIGHT, MR. MARCUS, TONY T, JULIUS CEAZHER, DIRTY HARRY & GORGUS DRAE.

Alt-porn auteur Dave Naz's stylish nod to blaxploitation (and '70s sleaze in general) is tacky, filthy and fun to watch—and the vintage rides are almost as sexy as the chicks. Naz made his name as one of L.A.'s hip photographers, and he's brought his flair for detail into the world of XXX. Some of the filler scenes rival the fuck segments, like the drugged-out bit with Whitney Stevens giving a boob show to Dirty Harry (who always looks like a vintage perv). It's weird and fun, then veers into the usual ass-ramming when Tony T shows up. The Jell-o-y Stevens sisters are perfect for this flick: They foster that slutty, stoned, early hard-core attitude. If you remember the '70s, that's the way porn was. It was a less frenetic, less desperate time. Don't get us wrong: *Sugar Town*'s lazy-ass bitches will get you off, but you just might feel dirty afterward and say to yourself, "Shit, I gotta start whacking off to classier broads." Appropriately, the Dirtbombs provide a good guitar-heavy soundtrack to keep things as grungy as an old vinyl car seat. ***—M.J.***

Barely Legal Mahlia raises the bar.

Black Chicks? Misty Stone and Angel Marie (right) lighten up the tone.

Barely Legal Black Chicks

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KANDICE NICOLE, HYDIE WALTERS, ANGEL MARIE, MISTY STONE, MAHLIA MILIAN, ANGEL MARIE, JAY ASHLEY, SCOTT LYONS, JEREMY STEELE, TALON & JOHN WEST.

Well, it's about fucking time! For this overdue disc we finally raided the hardcore hatchery and arranged five little blackbirds from light to dark, starting with near-white bottle blond Angel Marie. Slightly resembling Nicole Richie, skinny-as-a-stick Angel is pure eye candy and clearly knows her way around a cock, despite her "innocence." Slightly more caramel: Misty Stone. Already a star but still *Barely Legal* material thanks to her unspoiled looks and sweet titties, Misty turns in another soulful show peppered with the porn equivalent of R&B: "Oh, shit!" and "Fuck, yeah!" With her bubble boobs, cutie Kandice Nicole is the pro-est of the batch, but that baby face will always get her into the *BL* club. As for Mahlia Milian, she's just drop-dead pretty, even with that toothy bunny-rabbit smile. Trust us, you'll be online hunting for more Mahlia. If you never tasted the dark delicacy, this is the perfect sampler. But be warned, once the fever bites, you're done for. Heed the words on Hydie's T-shirt: "Stay away from the chocolate, and no one gets hurt!" ***—M.J.***

"He won!" **Black Chick** Kandice watches the election.

*Audition day at Disney? Nope, just Jacky Joy being a typical **Teen**.*

*Faye Reagan gets her **Cream** fresh from the farm.*

*Room for **Cream**? Annie Cruz goes to Starfucks.*

Teen Cream

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: LEX T. DRILL. STARRING: JACKY JOY, RUBY RYDER, FAYE REAGAN, KYLEE REESE, ANNIE CRUZ, JAY LASSITER, JOHN WEST, DANE CROSS, LEE STONE & STEVE HOLMES.

For some reason the pigtailed cuties in *Teen Cream* are led around on leashes, spend a lot of time on all fours and get treated like "naughty bitches" when, as far as we can tell, they do everything possible to keep their masters happy. Apparently they thrive on tough love…and gobs of semen. Plus, they're tarted up to look like refugees from a *Barely Legal* set (where innocence checks in, but never checks out), hence the *Teen* in the title. In other words, if you're into young girls who favor the Rainbow Brite look, you'll find plenty to whack off to. As for the rest of the title, this is what's called an internal cream-pie movie. Every scene ends with ejaculate oozing out of a freshly fucked vagina—or anus, as in the case of the particularly cream-worthy Annie Cruz. Another nice discovery among the panters and moaners is platinum pussycat Jacky Joy—that name says it all. There are nastier, stickier cream-pie flicks on the market, but not many as absorbently reliable as this one. ***—M.J.***

FIGHTING FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PORN

At a swank dinner soiree, adult-industry legends gather to defend the First Amendment.

Every year the Free Speech Coalition—the adult-entertainment industry's most influential legal advocate—hosts a gala to honor key figures in the battle against censorship and our right to XXX. The most recent bash was all class, no crass. A 100-foot red carpet extended to the front steps of the Globe Theatre at Hollywood's Universal Studios. Inside, well-dressed honchos and gorgeous women mingled prior to a feast catered by famed chef Wolfgang Puck.

Legacy Award winner Harry Mohney

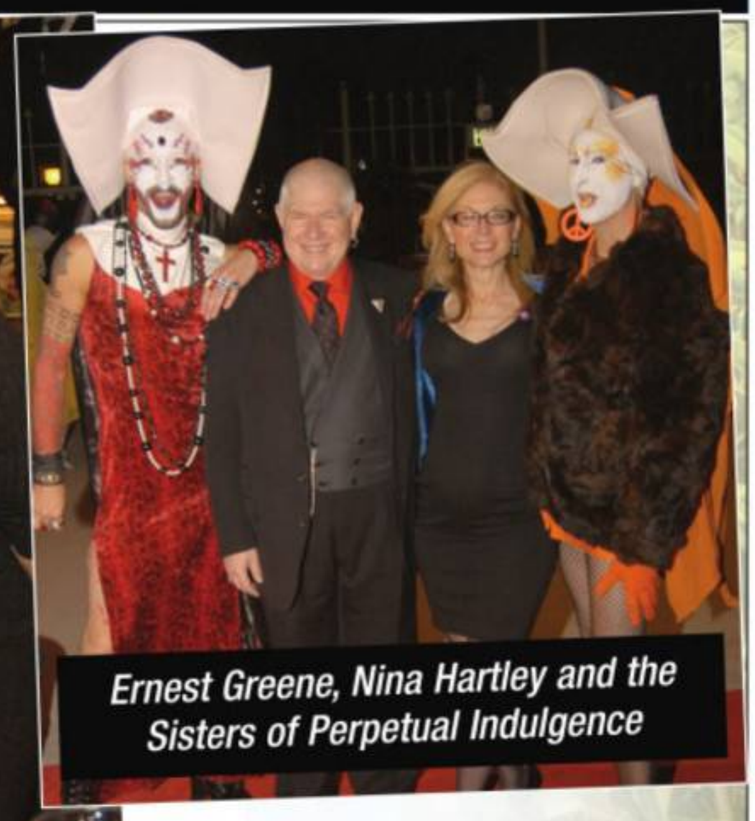
At a front-row table, HUSTLER's Larry Flynt held court, surrounded by fans, friends and media. With his wife Liz by his side, Larry fielded questions with his usual aplomb. Flynt has been a prime supporter of the Free Speech Coalition since its inception. FSC Executive Director Diane Duke personally thanked him for his time and contributions. On display was a giant collection of memorabilia to be sold off in a fundraising auction. You could pick up a Willie Nelson guitar for a mere $7,500; an autographed photo collage of Michael Jordan for a paltry $1,900; a Jerry West tennis shoe encased in glass for $850; or a collection of Ronald Reagan pictures. (How'd he get in there?)

FSC Woman of the Year Rondee Kamins

For an event celebrating the sex industry, the evening was demure: no topless dancers, 42nd Street live shows or Bangkok-style ping-pong demonstrations. Instead, it was California formal—suits but no ties—with a room filled with adult stars and behind-the-scenes heavyweights on their best behavior. Mingling through the crowd were XXX notables such as Nina Hartley, Max Hardcore, Laurie Wallace, Darlene, Joanna Angel, Dan Miller and Michael Fattorosi. Once the festivities began, drag queen Chi Chi

Proud FSC supporter Joanna Angel, boss lady of Burning Angel Entertainment

Larry Flynt and FSC Executive Director Diane Duke



Ernest Greene, Nina Hartley and the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence

LaRue—decked out in patriotic red, white and blue—took charge as MC.

Scott Coffman, founder of the Adult Entertainment Broadcast Network, was named FSC's Man of the Year for his development of Video on Demand. Gay video outlet Sureflix Digital Distribution received Business of the Year kudos. The Legacy Award went to entrepreneur Harry Mohney, founder of the Déjà Vu strip club chain, who told the gathering, "We've taken the industry from the back room to the board room, from the back streets to Main Street."

After accepting FSC's Woman of the Year honors, Rondee Kamins—president of Transworld News—delivered a passionate speech about her fight against the government over the statute known as "2257," which imposes stringent recordkeeping regulations on the adult industry. Having taken over the Cleveland-based business of retail stores from her father, Mel Kamins, Rondee has tirelessly fought the restrictive law. "Defending our right to freedom of speech isn't about the number of battles we win," she declared. "It's about the number of battles we fight."

After having spent three-quarters-of-a-million dollars challenging 2257, Kamins won a striking victory in the 6th Circuit Court, which overturned the statute as invalid on its face. That does not negate the regulations everywhere—yet. But it was clear from the conversations at the Globe Theatre that distributors, attorneys and performers would continue to fight for your right to porn.

—*Ted Newsom*

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV™

OBAMA IS NAILIN' PAYLIN

BUSTY HOUSEWIVES

BARELY LEGAL BLACK CHICKS

LESBIANS STRAP IT ON #6

HOT SHOWERS #17

BIG BLACK MEAT ADDICTION #5

MILF LOADS

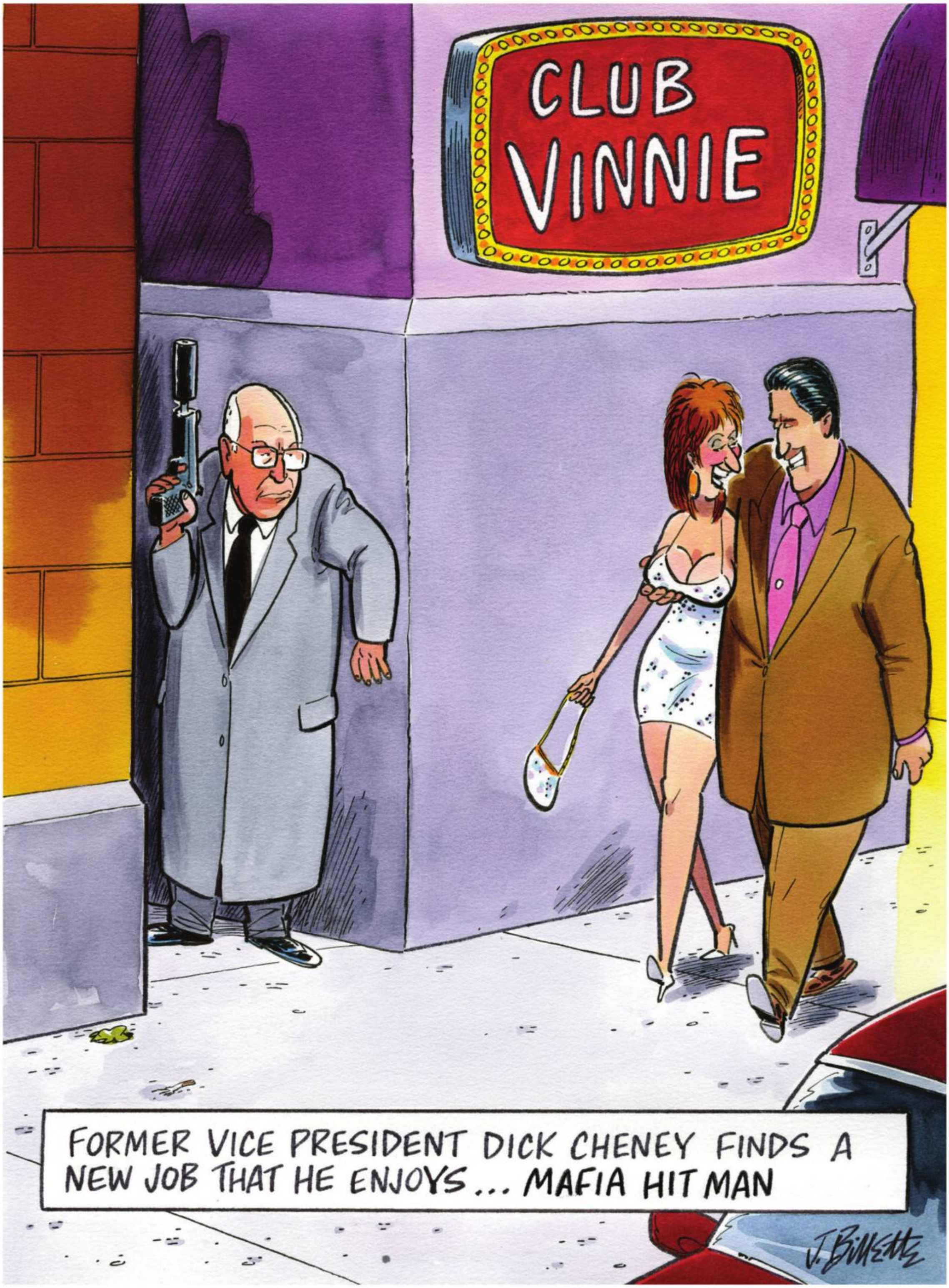
STUDENT BODIES

ALL INTERRACIAL #11

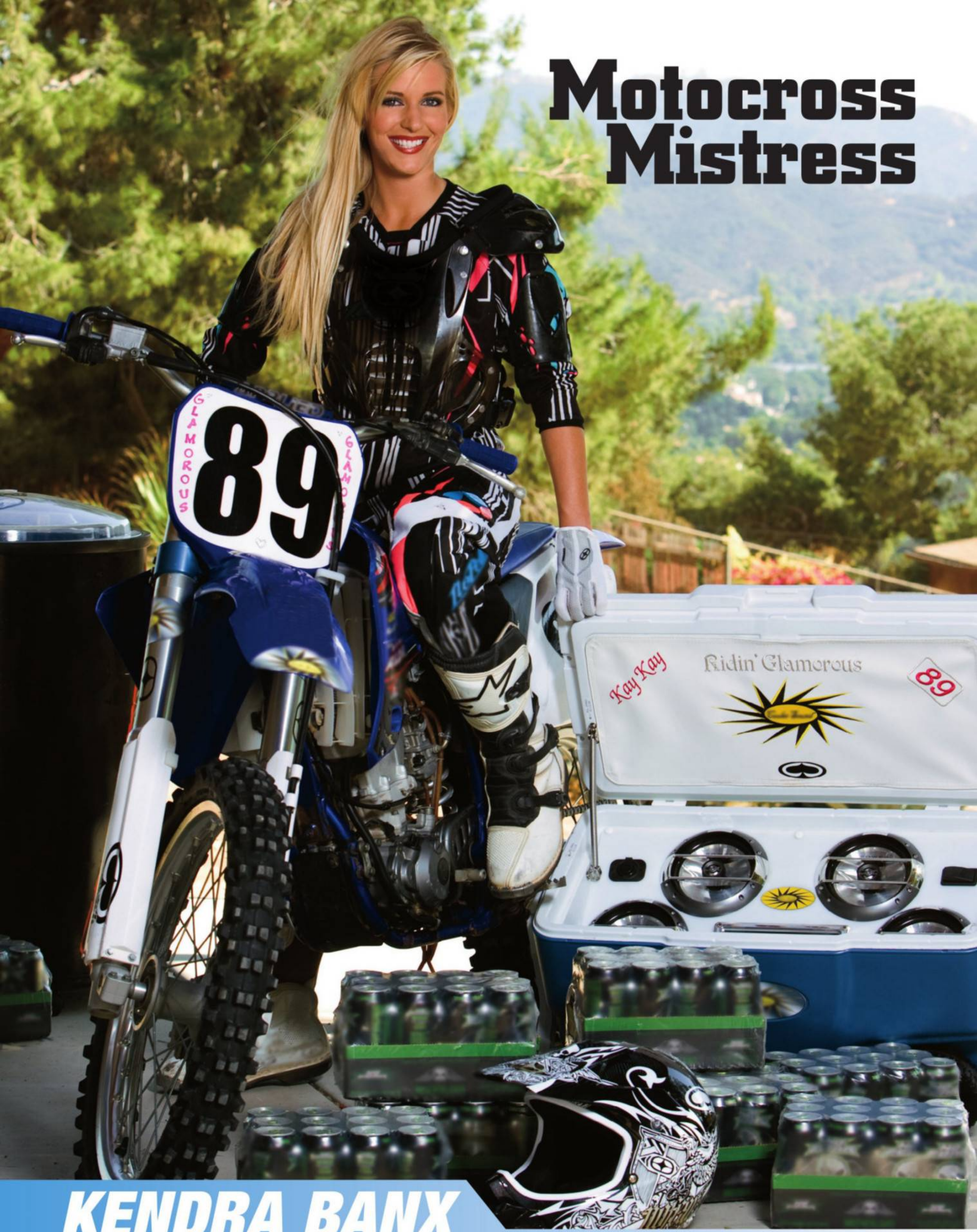
Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

Angel Marie is a platinum hit in ***Barely Legal Black Chicks.***

1-800 WET PUSSY
I WANT TO LICK YOUR BALLS WHILE YOU FUCK HER
AFTER YOU FUCK HER -
1-800 ASK-4-ASS
as low as 95¢ a min
1-800 WET-CUNT
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone.


CLUB
VINNIE
FORMER VICE PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY FINDS A NEW JOB THAT HE ENJOYS... MAFIA HIT MAN
J. BILLETTE

Motocross Mistress



KENDRA BANX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Kendra is serious about motocross. “When most guys at the races see me without my helmet, they think I’m just a pretty girl who couldn’t possibly compete,” she chirps. “It’s only later when they’re eating *my* dust that they realize I mean business. Why else would a big energy drink sponsor me? I like to have fun, but on the track I’ll kick your ass.”

Kendra Banx is a real-life daredevil. “I got my first off-road dirt bike when I was 12,” she tells us, “and I’ve been riding ever since. There is something really exciting about racing at high speeds and jumping in the air. It’s the only time I get to fly. I am unafraid of really living life. That’s something my parents taught me. You have to really live.”

The fearless competitor also digs getting down and dirty off the track. “I work on my own bike,” **Kendra** continues. “One of my favorite places to hang is the garage. I love getting my hands covered with grease. There’s nothing better than being able to tune up my own ride.” Pausing, she tosses out, “Well, maybe sex is better than that!”

Yes, **Kendra**'s adventures aren't limited to motocross: "When it comes to sex, I will try absolutely anything. Two guys at once, two girls—you name it, and I've done it. I'm really into hot girls. I love to eat pussy. That gets me hotter than almost everything else. Of course, I need the girl to return the favor. Don't worry, guys. I'm still very much in need of cock. I live to ride, both in and out of the bedroom!"

KENDRA BANX'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Marco Island, Florida | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 130

"Having an African-American President frightens me, Morris!
What if some strapping, hung black men seek revenge for the race
and make me their white slave, ravishing me repeatedly?"

AND THE SNEAKY BASTARD CHEATS ON HIS INCOME TAXES, TOO!

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

WINNERS

SKYE

"Being in HUSTLER is so me!" raves this online college student from Kansas City, Missouri. "My philosophy is carpe diem. That's Latin for 'seize the day.'" And does she ever! "Sending off nude photos is right up there with going to a movie and telling my date I was horny," Skye, 22, elaborates. "We were scared to get caught but had sex in the theater anyway. I had my best orgasm ever!" The 5-foot-3 Show-Me Stater adds, "I'm straight and bi-curious. I've never been with a girl, but that's bound to happen. So's driving to Hollywood. I love fixing up my first car. I treat it like a baby." Any backseat romancing, Skye? "No, my Camry's still a virgin." However, her backside isn't just an ornament. "I like anal," the psychology major purrs. "It makes the butt look nicer after a while." A looker in more ways than one, Skye says goodbye with resolve: "My main goal in life is finding a cure for schizophrenia." —Photos by Lady Friend

RENAE

The sisterhood of future porn stars has this 19-year-old nympho from Chesnee, South Carolina, waiting in the wings. "I don't know what the world is coming to," Renae a/k/a Slave Angel ruminates in a syrupy drawl, "but I know one thing: Ever since my cherry was popped, I love having sex, and I just can't stop. I am like a crazy little girl." And who couldn't go crazy for a fetching five-footer with a bevy of bawdy proclivities? (For what it's worth, the babe also fancies shooting pool and skinny-dipping.) "I love giving my boyfriend blowjobs night and day," Renae rambles. "I love having my hair pulled and ass slapped while he fucks me hard from behind. I love being submissive during nasty, wild, kinky, painful sex. I love spanking and fucking naughty sluts." Yep, Renae is lovable! —Photos by Boyfriend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

MYKALLA FOXX

Introducing herself, this "very open-minded" interior decorator from Corpus Christi, Texas, tells us, "My husband suggested that I send in my pictures. We like to share." That attribute certainly explains 26-year-old Mykalla Foxx's primary sexual delight: "threesomes." Once, she caught fellas' eyes as a spirited cheerleader and spunky barrel racer, but now the 5-foot-7 hottie is all about "swinging with my husband, pleasing women and having fun." Recalling just two of her most memorable "fun" occasions, Mykalla discloses, "I've had sex on a friend's boat out on the Gulf and in the same room with three other couples. That's as close to an orgy as I've come, but I bet I could handle a larger group." Having fulfilled almost all of her fantasies, Mykalla—who's fascinated by bald men and action movies like *Die Hard* and *Ocean's Eleven*—hankers "to be naked on a 1954 Jaguar XK120 roadster; it's my ultimate dream car." Have we showcased the ultimate dream missus? —Photos by Husband

"Being naked for pictures is fun, but I hope to show off my naughtier talents in a homemade sex video."

LIL-UNI

When this retail employee from Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, shouts out, "Supper's ready!" her hubby may not always find a square meal on the table. "I like to surprise him now and then," quips Lil-Uni, whose petulant availability is well rewarded. "He knows how much I love having my pussy eaten." With birthday 42 coming in May, the proponent of "whatever makes me or others feel good" has big plans: "I'm inviting my stable of boy toys to come over and take turns with me while my 'provert' husband videotapes the whole shebang." Blessed with an open marriage and open mind, the 5-foot-6 Sooner lives life to the fullest. —Photos by Husband

CANDY

Making amends for a spurned opportunity, this divorcée from Coram, New York, has now sent her modesty packing. "I was asked to model when I was younger," Candy, 51, recollects, "but I was chicken. I finally got the nerve up and said I'm going to try." The 5-foot-4 painting buff is just as eager to shed light on her sex life: "I'm highly active, and I love doggy-style and being tied up." Oozing with bravado, the "sociable" Long Islander—who's studying to become a counselor for women with pregnancy issues—longs "to have sex on a beach at sunset." —Photos by Friend

COOKIES

"My fantasy is having group sex with a lot of girls."

"My husband got me doing this," coos Cookies, 31, a "loving and caring" housewife from Kansas City, Missouri. "We watch a little porn, but I never modeled nude before." Blame it on priorities, not shyness. Besides domestic duties, the 5-foot-10 newbie boasts a laundry list of sidelines: "having fun with friends, swimming, camping, boating, four-wheeling and online networking." Of course, Cookies—who's "mighty proud" of her meatloaf—finds time for "being a tease and seducing my husband." She's also bi: "I've been in a threesome with another girl." And tempted to take the next step: "I might want to do a porn movie, but not now." —Photos by Friend

TONYA

"I want to show the world my body," announces this "young MILF" from Warren, Michigan. "That would be hot." So is the chesty 22-year-old's candor. "I'm a one-man-at-a-time girl, but I do have fun with other girls," Tonya owns up. "My sex life is awesome. I like it rough, hair pulled, ass spanked, and my favorite positions are on top and from the back. I also like to be fucked in the ass!" The 5-foot-7 titillator, who especially relishes "making a guy come" and "racking up more G-spot orgasms," fantasizes, "I would like to have sex somewhere I could get caught. Maybe in a police station with a cop. I have a thing for men in uniform." But not toys, it appears. "I'd rather have a hard cock inside me than a vibrator," the Detroit Pistons fan avows for a slam-dunk!

—Photos by Friend

RATTLESNAKE

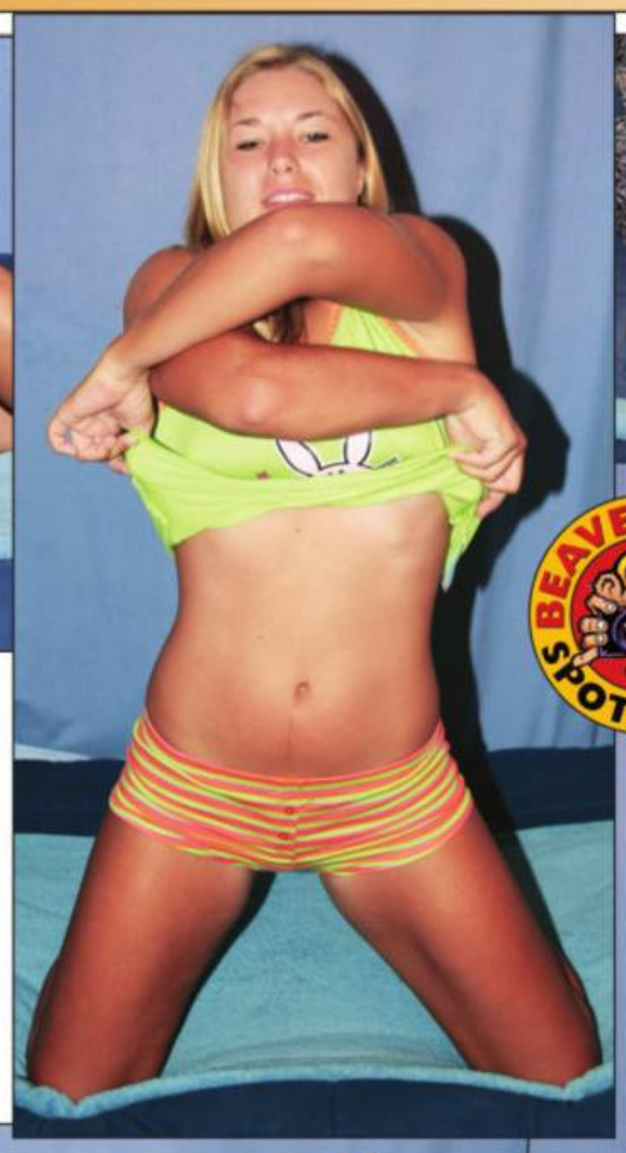
"Every day after 50 is a gift," professes this resort server from Seminole, Florida, who recently hit the milestone. "Might as well open it every chance you can. Besides, the human body was meant to be explored. That's why there are so many neat parts." After laughing at HUSTLER jokes for three decades, Rattlesnake is now tickled pink to be on display here. "I'll be taking your $350 to a bondage club," she vows. "Gonna blow some found money in a fun way. I'm wilder now than when I was 20." Although mimicking a baseball player in a pair of her snapshots, the 5-foot-2 Sunshine Stater is a bigger football fan. "I never miss a Tampa Bay Buccaneers game!" roars Rattlesnake, whose other pastimes include "saltwater fishing, motorcycling, barbecues, sci-fi flicks, gardening in the nude and off-the-wall sex." As Rattlesnake explains, "I'm submissive, I love dirty talk, and I prefer doggy-style because my boyfriend can spank my ass when he's being hard on the beaver or the forbidden hole. Mish gives me flashbacks to June Cleaver." And à la *Gilligan's Island*, Rattlesnake muses, "My fantasy is to be stranded on a deserted island with somebody. There are no clothing stores, so we both have to be naked and play all day." —Photos by Boyfriend

MISTY

"Magazines need young, fresh faces," asserts this office worker from Grand Prairie, Texas. "So here I am, doing my thing! I'm a people's person, meaning I'm very sexual, and I don't mind showing off my body." Addressing her lack of inhibitions, Misty, 21, takes the bull by the horns: "Sorry, ladies. Yes, I am the cute young assistant trying to fuck my way to the top at the office." But the motivated Latina is down for more. "At night I love to go out clubbing and dancing to salsa and reggae with my friends," Misty continues, "but usually not before unwinding with sexual contact with my man or anyone else who's around to pull down my pantyhose. I am only five-feet tall and 100 pounds, but I like my men big, hard and well-hung. I love giving head and being on top, and slowly but surely I'm getting into anal. I like my butt, so why not share it?" As for carnal fantasies, the "newly bi" enchantress chirps, "I would really, really love to be with three girls at the same time and also visit a swingers club to take on lots of men." Olé! —Photos by Friend

HEIDI

"The thought of guys looking at me and getting off is awesome," reckons hale and hearty Heidi, an aspiring journalist hailing from Santa Monica, California. As a May birthday celebrant, the 5-foot-3 surfing, swimming and hiking buff will soon be blowing out 24 candles, but right now she gets to expose more than her tantalizing bod. "I'm straight, spontaneous, outgoing and mischievous," Heidi confides. "I'm really into outside sex. I've even done it at a beach with a crowd looking on." Meanwhile, if you think Heidi's heinie is the bomb, you're not alone. "Lots of people say I have a nice ass," the "goal-driven" tyro remarks, "and I agree. That's why I love doggy-style so much. I like having a guy behind me looking at it as he bangs away." Sweet. —Photos by Friend



"My fantasy is having sex on a surfboard as it's swept along by the barrel of a huge wave."

JENNA LOVE

"I enjoy knowing that guys are looking at me and may be doing something," declares this theatrical stagehand from New Castle, Virginia, who's 24 and moonlights as a Webcam coquette. William Shakespeare is Jenna Love's favorite playwright, but the 5-foot-10 skeet-shooting and swimming aficionada is also keen on reading mystery novels and being very playful. "I really like toys and doggy-style," Jenna reveals with words and pictures. "I'm very open to new things, and I enjoy almost everything if it isn't *too* freaky." To date, her most memorable escapade has been "sex with another girl and her husband during my first foursome," but gazing at our mag has fueled a totally lesbo fantasy: "I want to have my way with a hot HUSTLER model." —Photos by Husband

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

In its sole discretion, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, may elect to post the Images submitted by the Model on its Internet Web site currently located at BeaverHunt.com instead of publishing them in HUSTLER Magazine. In that case, the Model agrees to accept as full consideration for such posting six months of free membership and benefits in said BeaverHunt.com Web site.

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____(PRINT NAME)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, or are instead posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature | Date (month/date/year)

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
PRIVATE THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGE | VIP LOUNGE | VIP BOOTHS

New York, NY · San Francisco, CA · New Orleans, LA · Baltimore, MD · Westminster, CA
San Diego, CA · St. Louis, MO · Redlands, CA · Shreveport, LA · Cleveland, OH · Paris, France

WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

Free 30 Day Supply *See Details Below.

Size Does Matter!

Get Results Super Fast with New Xomax!

Enlargement up to 5 Inches can be Expected!

Guaranteed Results

Get serious about having the biggest, thickest, longest penis possible. Don't waste any more time on cream, sprays or products that have not been proven. Start seeing real results today, take XOMAX now! Women will crave your new penis like never before. You don't have to wait months, weeks or even days to get the results you want. You'll start to see noticeable gains with your very first dose.

XOMAX is Superior to All Male Enlargement Pills! See For Yourself

Concentrated Formula

This new highly concentrated formula makes all the difference in the world. Never before has there been an all-natural formula that works as fast and effectively as XOMAX. To increase the size of your penis, you need a solution that works. You won't find a more potent formula for growth and development of your penis –it's proven!

Xomax is Better

XOMAX was put to the test! By comparing the three leading brands of male enhancement pills to XOMAX, the results were incredible! Men all over the world are amazed with their results from XOMAX. Don't waste your time and money on products that don't deliver. Get a penis women will crave and men will envy with the best super concentrated formula –XOMAX.

$29.95 Value

FREE DVD WITH PURCHASE

Ultimate Sexual Pleasures

See Results or its FREE*

Maximum Potential

You'll be the envy of every man. With your new extra big hard penis, you'll be able to penetrate deeper and fill your sex partner with satisfaction she's never had before. You'll have no worries of premature ejaculation or going soft, your confidence will skyrocket with your bigger, thicker, longer penis.

- **100% Natural penis enlargement!**
- **Add inches to your penis in days!**
- **Become a SUPERSTUD!**
- **Get the big penis of your dreams**
- **You can have a SUPER penis**

Satisfied Customer's Say...

"Thanks, Xomax! I'm no longer embarrassed about my penis size. You're right, Size does matter!"
L.C. Baton Rouge, LA

"Hi, my name is Mike. I want to tell you how thrilled I am with your product XOMAX. I've tried many other pills and they don't work as well as XOMAX. My wife is amazed at the difference in our love making sessions."
M.C. Los Angeles, CA

Call Any Time

1-800-580-4395

ME Code: 7016

Fax: **239-643-2356**

www.xomax-man.com

FAQ About Xomax

Q. How soon do you see results ?
A. Most men see results with their first dose and increasing results over 60 - 90 days.

Q. Are the results permanent?
A. For most men, if Xomax is taken continuously for three to four months followed by a maintenance program the results are permanent.

Q. How much growth can I realistically expect?
A. Up to 5 inches or more with a increase in width of 50%

Q. Is Xomax natural?
A. Xomax is 100% natural, safe and Doctor recommend for those looking for advanced penis enhancement.

Q. What makes Xomax the #1 natural penis enhancement formula?
A. Xomax has a highly effective proprietary blend of concentrated nutrients. These natural compounds are amazingly stimulating to the male penis. You won't find a stronger blend of nutrients in any other male enhancement product. The reason? Xomax contains extremely expensive imported ingredients and many manufacturers won't spend that kind of money. Instead, they pass off less expensive ingredients, such a Ginseng or low end forms of L-Arginine.

Q. Is Xomax guaranteed to work?
***A.** Xomax is 100% GUARANTEED! If you're not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within three months to receive a refund. Men now have an effective way to increase the size of their penis. Why pay for imitations that will not solve the problem? You may spend a little more on Xomax, but the results will be worth it! You often get what you pay for. So remember that the genuine ingredients in Xomax are...

GUARANTEED to work!
Order today –
the best money can buy!

Selling the best Always!

Mate Magnet Cologne

The Perfect Aphrodisiac

This revolutionary new men's cologne contains genuine human sex pheromones. Women will be influenced by your scent and won't be able to keep their hands off you. Using pheromones have been proven the most gorgeous women will desire to have you immediately. It's so easy to seduce women, get more dates, have more sex. *"Since I've been using MATE MAGNET, I have had several attractive women come after me. I'm very happy."* –D.H. Ohio

Reg $ 59.95 On Sale Now $19.99

Sexactivator

Women have reported that they become incredibly sexually excited when they take SEXACTIVATOR. This magical wonder liquid can be taken orally, or put in any drink. Within minutes after use, your woman's desire to have sex with you will be uncontrollable.

Reg $ 59.95 On Sale Now $19.99

Send coupon with payment to:
Nutritional Science Laboratories, P.O. Box 11269, Naples, FL 34101
Privacy Ensured

ME Code: 7016

	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
Greatest Savings Save over $419.90 Buy 5 get 7 FREE		$299.95	
Xomax 90 Day Challenge FREE 30 Day Buy 2 Get 1 Free		$119.98	
SAVE EVEN MORE: Buy 3 get 3 free 50% off		$179.97	
1 Month Supply Xomax		$59.99	
Sexactivator - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Turns your woman wild!		$19.99	
Mate Magnet - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Instantly attract women		$19.99	
Shipping and Handling:			
Standard Delivery		$9.99	
2-3 Day Rush Delivery		$19.99	
International Delivery		$29.99	
TOTAL AMOUNT			

— CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-580-4395 —

Check payment method: (US Funds Only)

❑ Check ❑ Money order

❑ MasterCard ❑ VISA ❑ American Express ❑ Discover

Name on the Card: _____

Card Number: _____

Expiration Date: _____ CVV: _____

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

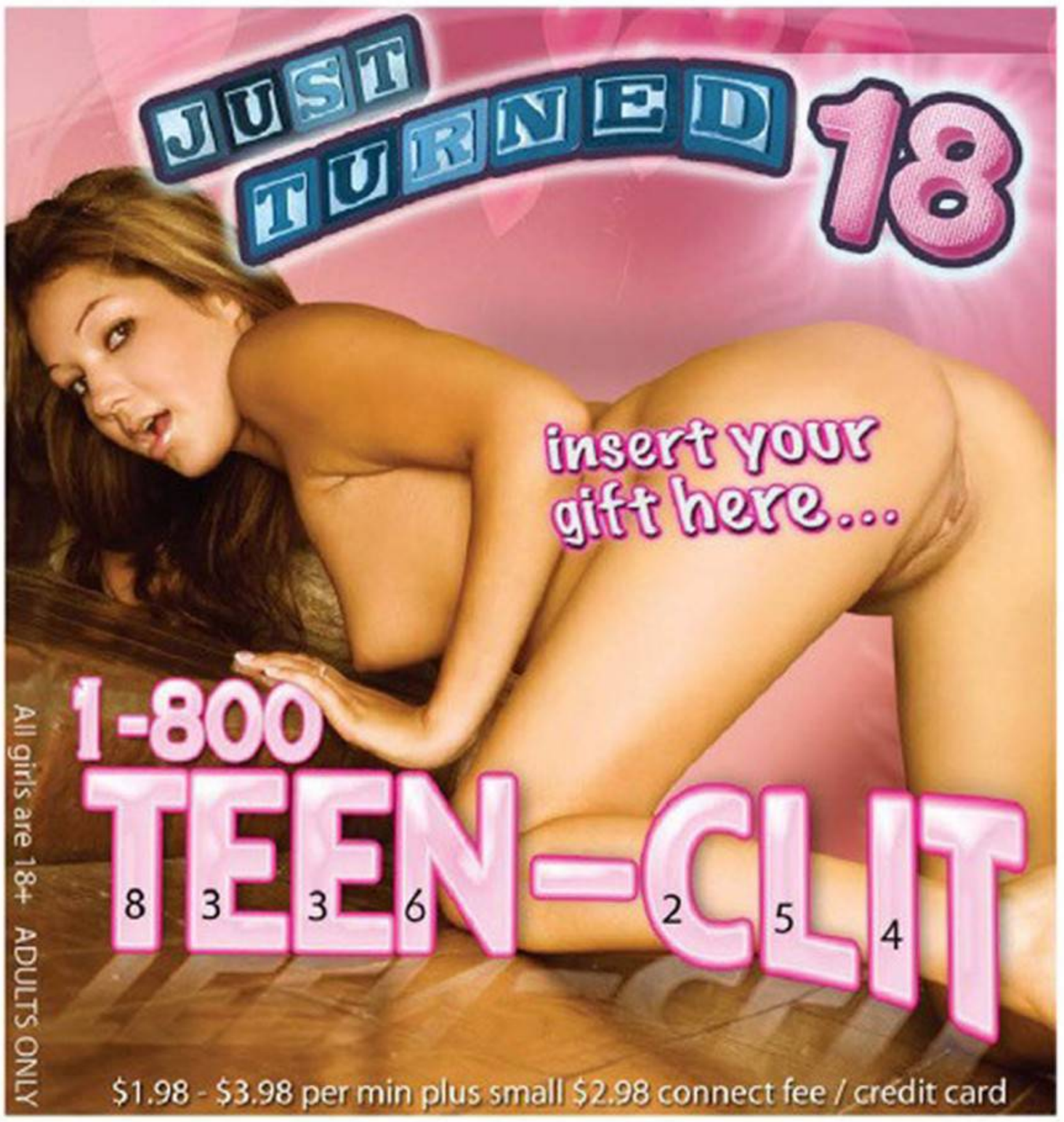
City: _____ State: _____

Zip Code: _____ Country: _____

Signature: _____

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

sweetestoutlaw.com
Horny girls waiting for you to shoot your load!
All Fantasies, Fetishes and Dominance
$1.99/Min. No Other Charges.
1-866-977-TEDI (8334)


JUST TURNED 18
insert your gift here...
All girls are 18+ ADULTS ONLY
1-800 TEEN-CLIT
8336254
$1.98 - $3.98 per min plus small $2.98 connect fee / credit card

Just $10 Just $10
5 MINUTE Quickie
$10
1-800-618-7888
1-900 443-7878
$4.99 Min 18+
Just $10 Just $10

MY LIPS YOUR COCK!
• YOUNG AND OLD SLUTS
• SPANKING FETISH
• FOREIGN SLUTS
• SHE MALES & MORE
"BUY MY WORN PANTIES!"
$26.99 Flat/Per Call 18+
1-800-508-7725

TRY ME FREE!
1-800-850-6665
18+

95¢ min
I KNOW YOU LIKE MY WET PUSSY! COME FUCK ME ALL NIGHT LONG!
1-800 WET TWAT
8938
8928
major credit cards accepted & check by phone

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800-555-GIRL

1-800-555-4475

CHECKS BY PHONE! HARDCORE TALK RIGHT NOW!

WILD!

TWO RIPE AND READY CUNTS
FUCK YOU 2 ON 1
1-800-TWO-GIRL

Double Juicy Fuck &
SUCK ORGIES • 24 HOURS!
1-800-555-PUSSY

WE BABES LICK YOU, SUCK YOU, TASTE YOU, AND SWALLOW DEEP!!!
1-800-555-WETT

1on1 • PARTY LINE • RECORDED
CHECKS BY PHONE • CREDIT CARDS
$1.98 $3.98 per min 18 yrs+ over

SusanVegas.com

TALK LIVE WITH LADIES 18-40+

NO RESTRICTIONS NO LIMITATIONS

CONFIDENTIAL CUSTOMER CARE

OWNED & OPERATED
BY SUSAN VEGAS

24
HOURS

$29.95 FOR 30 MIN.
$49.95 FOR 60 MIN.

DISCREET CREDIT CARD BILLING

702.898.8339

CELEBRATING OUR 29TH YEAR!
(since 1979)

OVER 70,000 SOLD!

The Family Jewel™ ...in a class by itself

★ AND IT VIBRATES!

★ FEEL OF FLESH Safe! Feels and Looks Like Flesh.

★ DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR OR PO BOX IN PLAIN BROWN PACKAGE VIA PRIORITY MAIL.

ORDER ONLINE! www.PlayhouseProductsXXX.com

Mail to: Playhouse Products - PO BOX 880868, Boca Raton, FL 33488-0868

or FAX your order: (561)392-7151 for immediate processing 24 hrs a day...7 days a week!

* Penis size does not include balls.

Please send me ___ handcrafted "The Family Jewel(s)" ™

Size*	Non-Vibrator Model	Vibrator Model	Color
☐ 6-1/4" x 1-3/4"	☐ $44.95 + $5 P&H	☐ $52.95 + $5	☐ Caucasian
☐ 8-1/2" x 2-1/4"	☐ $49.95 + $5 P&H	☐ $57.95 + $5	☐ Mulatto ☐ Black

NC residents add Sales Tax.

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

or charge ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard in the amount of $_____

No._____ Expires _____ MO. YR.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

PLUS FREE Sexual Brochure H509

www.coedpleasures.com

2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES

Coed Pleasures

1-800-550-1842
Toll Free

24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

CLIMB ON & LET ME
BLAST OFF!

www.1800freepussy.com

NEW for 2007

1-800
MY-ROCKET

GOT THE FEVER? 1-888-WILD-NURSES

Beat the Recession!

We know cash is tight.
That's why HUSTLER is offering a subscription for

12 ISSUES + 12 DVDs*

$69.95

50% off the newsstand price.
What a deal!

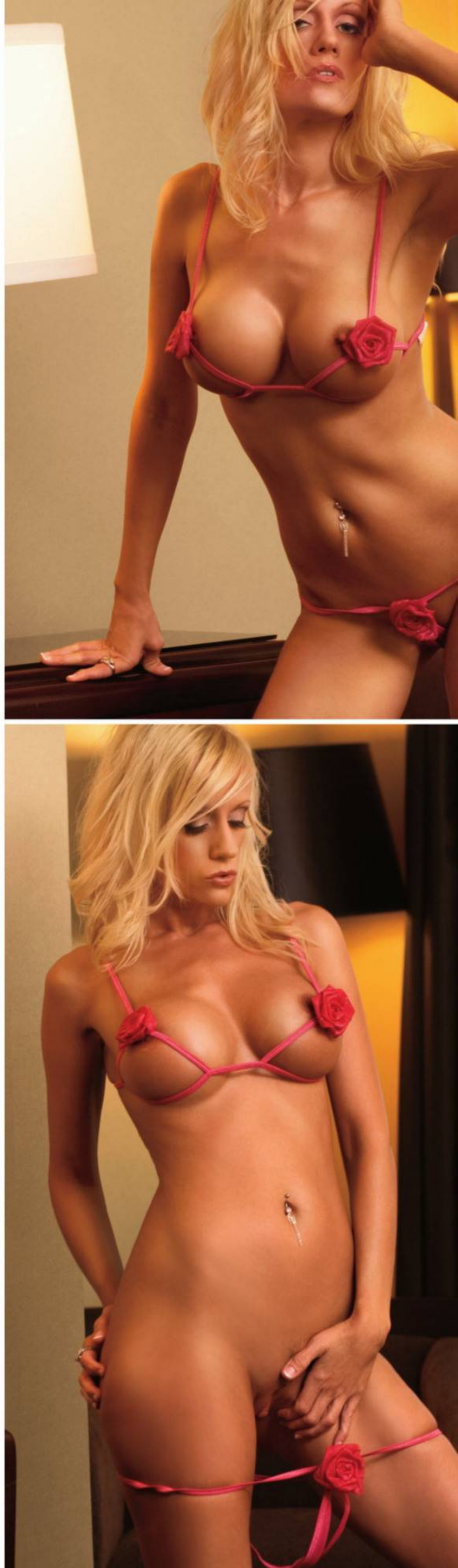
Go to HustlerMagazine.com
or call 1-323-651-2348

*OFFER PROHIBITED IN THESE U.S. STATES, CITIES & ZIP CODES: AL, AR, MS, UT; Indianapolis, IN; South Bend, IN; Memphis, TN; Cincinnati, OH; Jacksonville, FL; Tallahassee, FL; FL zip codes beginning with 320-326 and 344. Offer expires 6/17/09.

Late Bloomer

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

NICOLE SCOTT



I know most women my age have already sowed their wild oats, but I was sort of a late bloomer," proclaims former *Cougars Unleashed* model **Nicole Scott**. "As a teenager I was the gangly, goofy, shy girl nobody ever asked out.

"It pretty much went that way through college as well. It was only after my 28th birthday that I really felt like a woman. Around that time I met an older man who helped me unlock my inner beauty and desires."

Tell us more. “My desires mostly involve men who are really good with their hands and mouth,” **Nicole** obliges. “They also involve romance. I need some old-fashioned wining and dining to get me in the mood. I guess I’m making up for all the dates I missed.”

Are there advantages to being a thirtysomething, Nicole? “Yeah, younger guys seem eager to please me. It’s funny because someone called me a cougar, and then you guys featured me in your column. I think it’s cool. Cougars are older women who love to go out and get with younger guys. That’s cool! I’m wiling to be with a younger guy as long as he has a mature mind.”

NICOLE SCOTT'S VITAL FACTS: | HOMETOWN: O'Fallon, Missouri | AGE: 38 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 104

As for showing off her talents in hard-core videos, Nicole remains undecided. "I don't know if anyone would wants to see *that!*" she exclaims with a laugh. "Besides, there's already this young, redheaded adult actress with the same name. Even so, I guess I shouldn't rule out doing videos. After all, I never thought I'd pose naked in HUSTLER, and here I am at 38. So can I say maybe?"

Not What You Expect. Everything You Love.

HUSTLER CASINO℠

LOS ANGELES

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com

1000 W. REDONDO BEACH BLVD., GARDENA, CA 90247 310.719.9800

The June '09 HUSTLER goes on sale April 14, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

ROSE

COMING NEXT

TOMMY LEE

This larger-than-life legend (you've seen the video) parties with the most beautiful babes in the world. Now eavesdrop on Tommy Lee's shocking, outrageous conversation with Music Editor Keith Valcourt.

BETTIE PAGE LIVES!

The queen of 1950s pinups was erotic and innocent, whether in a sheer negligee or trussed up and hog-tied. See the best of Bettie: gorgeous gams, full figure, killer smile…and butt naked! Plus a stunning homage by famed artist Jim Silke!

THE Q&A: "BUSH IS A WAR CRIMINAL!"

Is there a "Nuremberg tribunal" in America's future? Lawrence Velvel, dean of the Massachusetts School of Law, lays down the case against G.W. Bush for international war crimes. Don't miss this controversial interview.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BREE OLSON

What does one of the sexiest stars in the XXX film world do in her spare time? M. Allen Nathan hangs loose with this blond hottie as she auditions for a real TV sitcom. Does Bree get the part? Tune in next month!

MIKE CREED STRIKES BACK!

Two-fisted private eye Mike Creed is on the prowl again, this time protecting a sultry Hollywood madam who's getting a deadly hustle from the Mob. Fiction by Bruce David.

BEWARE: YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRINK

HUSTLER Science Editor at Large Debbie Epstein reveals the ugly facts about the toxins dumped into our water supply—and how they are killing you. Find out what the government doesn't want you to know.

DOPE MENACE

Crazed pot smokers! Slutty babes! Opium pipes! Check out the pulp paperbacks of a generation ago—and how enticing they made the drug culture look!

KINKY BY NATURE

Let's turn-up the degree of kinky playtime

1-800 669-DICK
3 4 2 5

Kinky sluts with a kinky surprise

1-800 TS-SLUTS
87 75887

Naughty men wanted for meat sampling

1-888 888-TSTV
8 7 8 8

*$2.98-$3.98 per min.

Looking for a sloppy cock massage?

ONLY *$2.98 per min.

We'll give you our special rubdown at...

1-800-800-6969

Most major credit cards accepted. *Plus a small $2.98 connection fee.

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

Soft IN pink

...and deliciously creamy
for your taste

1-800-
669-
SLUT
7588

EXQUISITE
DELIGHTFULLY

EBONY
BABES

I have the
sugar pie
you've been
craving.

Don't have a
credit card?
You can still
have your pie
and eat it too

1-900-
336-6666

1-888-
909-MILF
6453

Hot lonely moms will open
their back door for ya!

1-800-
3Dark
2Twat
7589
5

Most major credit cards accepted $2.98 /min.
plus a small $2.98 connect fee. Adults 18+ only